VOL. CCXVII, No. 2835
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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
JUNE 12, 1954

The SPHERE

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VISITORS TO THE 'Three Crowns' enjoy the landlord's pleasant pun. Ford 'Five-Star' is another meaningful abbreviation, familiar to motorists and the world in general. 'Five-Star' indicates a general standard of excellence and is applied to Ford cars because they possess all the qualities which combine to give the greatest all-round satisfaction to owners. Each model is the lowest price in its class. The consistently reliable performance of cars in the 'Five-Star' range continues to be proved in International Rallies. Ford sets the fashion in appearance and, more important than ever, the famous Ford Service with its low fixed charges is unique. The blue and white sign of the Ford Dealer is everywhere to be seen. Ford cars and Ford service together mean 'Five-Star' Motoring.

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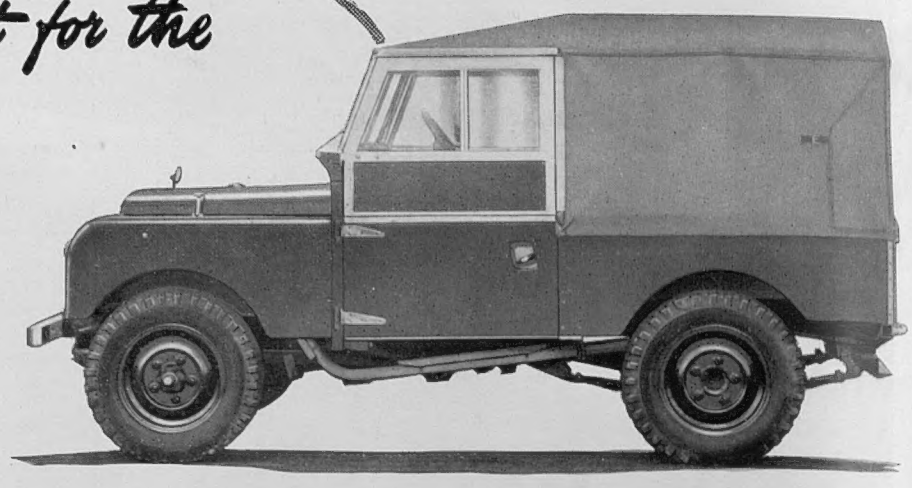
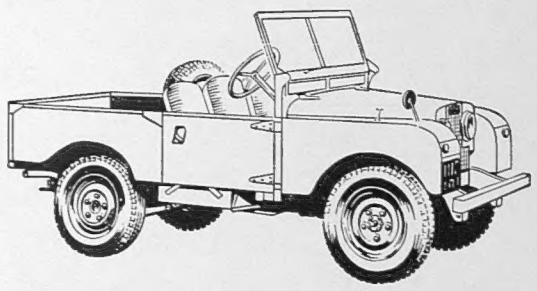
All-round improvement for the ALL-PURPOSE LAND-ROVER





LAND-ROVER

★ **New 86" wheelbase**
The effect of the wheelbase increase is to move the rear axle 6" farther behind the driver. The longer propeller shaft allows for greater rear wheel movement and gives much improved suspension. This, combined with more elaborate weather sealing, improved engine mountings and modified springs and shock-absorbers, brings the Land-Rover into line with car standards of comfort.

new 86" wheelbase

★ **25% increase in bulk capacity**
The increased wheelbase has given no less than 25% greater bulk carrying capacity—so extending the already remarkable range of tasks this sturdy vehicle will so readily tackle.

★ **Car-type instruments and controls**
Bigger, more easily read car style instruments now replace former types. Rearrangement of the foot controls, plus gear lever improvements and the introduction of a sloping toe board provide both a more conventional lay-out and a greater degree of driving comfort and safety.

★ **Improved all-weather sealing**
All fitted-up edges on the Land-Rover bodywork and all-weather equipment butt into soft rubber, effecting complete weather and dust sealing—and a much quieter ride.

the **4-WHEEL DRIVE** *"go anywhere" vehicle*

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Right at any time

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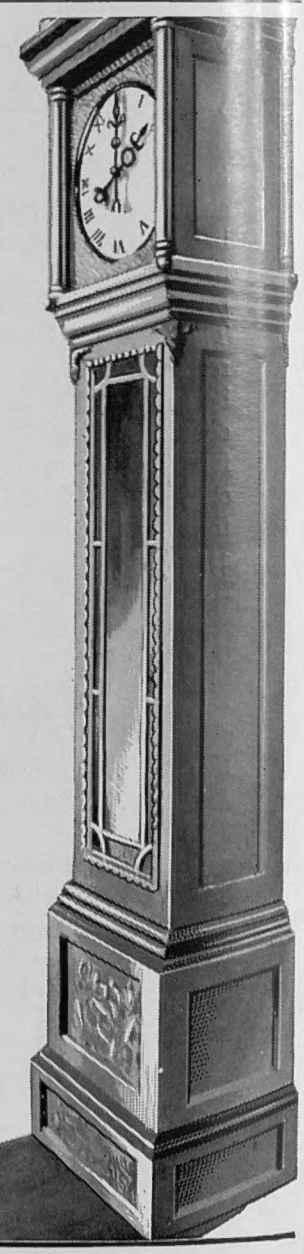
And how extra good it is when the choice is "Black & White". Discerning hosts offer it with confidence and pride because they know it is blended in the special "Black & White" way.



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SCOTCH WHISKY
The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to the late King George VI.

Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Volume CCXVII No. 2835 The SPHERE, London, June 12, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE FIRST HELICOPTER TO LAND ON ONE OF BRITAIN'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS—A DRAGONFLY HELICOPTER SEEN ABOUT TO LAND ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. "CENTAUR": This light fleet carrier, which was built by Harland and Wolff, is the latest to be commissioned in the Royal Navy. She carries many modern refinements, including the angled deck, devised so that high-speed aircraft can land with a greater degree of safety than on normal decks.

The *Centaur*, with her sister-ship the *Albion*, now being completed at Wallsend-on-Tyne, is the first warship of its size to be fitted with canvas bunks for all ratings. These bunks are portable and can be stowed away during the day so that the space they take up at night can be utilised as living quarters or for recreational purposes. While being built, both ships were subjected to various alterations so that they would conform to modern ideas when in service. Apart from alterations in the living quarters, the angled deck was fitted so that the carriers will be able to use jet aircraft more safely. The helicopter seen landing in the picture above is one of the two which will form part of the complement of the ship, and which will be used for general communications purposes and air-sea rescue. Most shore stations, as well as carriers, are now supplied with helicopters for this purpose. During this coming week, H.M.S. *Centaur* will embark her complement of Sea Hawk jet aircraft just before leaving on her first operational cruise in the Mediterranean.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S FIRST BALL

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT AT THE ALEXANDRA ROSE DAY BALL : The Princess, wearing a dress designed by Norman Hartnell, is seen with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, at the Ball, which was held at Grosvenor House. The ball, which was held in aid of the Alexandra Rose Day Fund, was the first public dance attended by the Princess.

THE DOCKERS GO TO "THE FROG"

SIR BERNARD AND LADY DOCKER ARRIVING AT THE SCALA THEATRE FOR THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "THE FROG" : The play, which was performed for charity, was given by an amateur company which included Princess Margaret as co-director. Among the cast were Lord Porchester, Viscount Norwich, Mr. Billy Wallace and the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Legge. The audience on the first night was as distinguished as the cast, including many famous people.

A TEST PILOT IS HONOURED

THE SEGRAVE TROPHY GOES TO NEVILLE DUKE : The well-known test pilot is seen receiving the Trophy from Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., the Secretary of State for Air, at the headquarters of the Royal Automobile Club in London. The trophy is presented to the British subject who, in the judgment of a committee, accomplishes the most in demonstrating the possibilities of transport by land, sea or air. Squadron-Leader Neville Duke broke the world's air speed record last year.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscriptions to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Dilemma on M.P.s' Increase.—If the Duke of Windsor is no longer "news" in this country, the same cannot be said for the increase in M.P.s' salaries. Those who voted for it must have expected a bad Press; they can hardly have anticipated one so clamorously and unanimously critical. The Labour Party voted for the increase, and it seems certain that all the obloquy will fall on the Government party for the action taken by those Conservatives who voted with Labour and created the big majority of which the Government must take serious note. Sir R. Boothby is undoubtedly shrewd, but I wonder if he foresaw this dilemma which has come upon his old Chief and old friend. Sir Winston has spoken to approve the decision of the House on the grounds of the dignity of the House, on the ground that the ancient Mother of Parliaments, which he has served so faithfully and long and admiringly, must not be served by men financially embarrassed, but it is difficult, after all that has been said before by his own colleagues, to understand why a huge salary increase is now the only way to secure his purpose. His approval must appear a change of view as a result of the voting. The Cabinet is now divided sharply on the issue. Conservative Members who voted in the minority are discouraged and anxious after visiting their constituents and reading their shocking Press. Some are trying to find means to undo the mischief. Sir R. Boothby and his team, whose hearts bled for the undoubtedly hard cases among Labour M.P.s, could hardly have provided the Labour Party with so double-barrelled a bonus, £500 a year and nothing to pay for it in the constituencies. It is otherwise for the Conservatives, for those who grabbed and those who refused to grab, alike. The Tories must hold the baby, which will squawl for a long time, unless the Government can find a way out of the dilemma by rejecting the vote and substituting an expenses allowance where proved essential, or, at any rate, postponing the enactment to another Parliament.

T.U. Chaos.—Last week-end, after a damaging unofficial strike, the West Region of British Railways voted to return to work. For whom was this sign of returning sanity a triumph? For none. For even as they voted to return, two other regions' footplate men voted to strike, and it became necessary for the West Region strikers to consider *their* action to support their brothers in the North (who had intended to support them) if the Northern Regions actually struck—which in the event they did not do. Why did the West Region strike? Because they objected to the new lodging turns accepted reluctantly, but accepted as necessary, by the leaders of their Union on their behalf. Why did the rebels call off their unofficial strike? Not because they admitted rebellion and dishonour. They called it off on the understanding that the pledge their Unions signed on their behalf should be expunged, that the essential lodging turns the Unions had agreed, should once more be an issue for bargaining or that this vital reorganisation deemed by all essential to make a bankrupt nationalised service a little less bankrupt, should be liquidated. That is to say, the dishonour is not purged, but likely to be extended. For if the Unions go back on the agreed lodging turns, they join the rebels. In the North, it seems to be accepted by Union chiefs themselves that lodging turns are unacceptable. Returning sanity? Enlarged Bedlam.

Queen Mary's Treasures.—Much has been written already about the exhibition of Queen Mary's collection of art treasures at the Victoria and Albert, and every day the allotted rooms are filled with sightseers whose interest quite obviously is far more impelling than a general interest in works of art. Personal affection for a great Queen and a very noble lady shares the interest which, if it were solely in works of art, would soon be sated in all but connoisseurs. I feel that about Fabergé curios. When I have seen one, I have "seen the lot," and I don't know that I greatly admire his creations. But Queen Mary's interests were much wider and embraced the moderns. Her collections of bibelots were not all housed at Marlborough House. Soon after King George V's death, there were still a great many displayed at Sandringham, in a sitting-room connecting with the bedroom in which King George died. It is a pleasant and lasting memory with me that when she showed me his bedroom, she took me into the sitting-room and showed and talked to me of some of the enchanting little works of art there displayed, and I wish th I had had even a superficial knowledge with which appreciate her commentary.

London Traffic.—Ever since Walpole gav that quasi-historic reply to George II's Queen wh she asked what it would cost to enclose part of S James's Park as an extra appurtenance of the Pala —"only three crowns, Madam"—it has been assum that that was the final answer to *any* suggestion f laying hands on the people's pleasure grounds. A yet the London Parks have often been encroached o by infiltrations since Walpole's day; in 1852, fo instance, and in recent times by the introduction o taxis and modified parking. And if London's hopeles traffic chaos is to be seriously tackled in our day, some strips must be taken off the parks. Park Lane Constitution Hill and Piccadilly itself could all b made wide enough for serious reorganisations if triflin strips were pared off Hyde Park and St. James's an Green Parks, or even if the wall of the Palace were s back a few yards. Such adjustments would be com paratively cheap, and once made, would justify th necessary work of a workable roundabout at Hyd Park Corner. I agree also with Mr. Pilkington tha the jams at Alexandra Gate could be reduced by roundabout. Two other points deserve attention A census might be taken of the number of business me who use their cars instead of trains to carry them t and from their offices. Hazy and haphazard also a still the uses and permissions for parking cars in th parks. The peace of much of the parks has long sin been destroyed by the ceaseless traffic which move through them. There remains a good deal of "sacred road space inside the parks which, if used for stationar cars (as is allowed on certain ceremonial occasions would ease the chaos and not add to the loss amenity which the parks have suffered. Townsme turn our rustic beauty spots into car parks. It only fair they should use their parks as car parks.

A ROYAL VISIT TO NORTHERN IRELAND

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN BELFAST : They are seen a Government House when they attended a dinner given in their honour durin their four-day visit at the end of May. On the left are the Governor, Lor Wakehurst, and Viscountess Brookeborough; and on the right are Lad Wakehurst, and the Prime Minister, Viscount Brookeborough. During he stay the Duchess opened the new headquarters of the Royal College o Nursing, at College Gardens, Belfast, and visited the Royal Ulster Show

Constance Kent.—Crime fiction can b made—ever since *The Moonstone* was made—ver thrilling, very puzzling and often very horrible. Bu crime fiction is milk-and-water compared with crim fact, and it is undesirable that anyone who acknow ledges an unhealthy interest in crime should read book devoted to retelling some of the most famous unsolve crimes, of which, I think, a majority had female suspect And of these the case of Constance Kent stands easil first. It was a story which fathers in my youth tol their sons over the walnuts. If I could have one revela tion of the truth concerning the famous unsolve mysteries of history and crime, I would ask for the trut about Constance Kent. Madeleine Smith *was* tried fo Angelier's murder and received the non-proven verdic of Scottish Law. Few doubt that she got off ligh Constance Kent was, in truth, never tried. At th magistrate's court there was not enough evidence t justify committal. Years later, at Assizes, she wa condemned to death in a brief appearance on her own plea of guilty, and so it was that throughout the years of mystery, no skilled lawyers ever investigated the evidence available. It is a horrible story of police incompetence and judicial failure. When, years after the crime, she made a confession, a nationwide suspicion arose, and remained, that her confession was induced in the highly-charged religious and sacrificial atmo sphere of the institution she was working in. After her sentence, the death penalty was commuted, as indeed was inevitable, for not even the judge could believe that she alone was capable physically of doing the job that killed her little half-brother. And then— to confound confusion—she, while in prison, either

persuaded, or by her own volition, issued a "detailed" confession of how the awful job was done, and that detailed confession—intended to brand her guilt—definitely confirmed the doubts which have never died that single-handed she did not murder the child. Saint or liar or accomplice she may have been, but not a single-handed murderess.

Campaigning Against Litter.—I drew up the other day beside one of our local commons, to give my dog a run, and I noted a printed paper tacked to every other tree. It proved to be poetry, but not in praise of the charms of Rosalind. It ran:

> "The Country is God's Garden,
> So let us not be rude
> By scattering it with cartons
> And paper from our food."

I am not a critic of poetry and will only say that poet-laureate Pye seldom wrote a nobler quatrain. I wondered what muse had inspired this effort, and suspected that perhaps "she" was a member of a local W.I. Looking around me I doubted whether the dose was potent enough to cure the disgusting disease. For I observed that I was standing on a small "island site." Round it the common was blackened by three smallish heath fires started by week-enders and put out by local fire brigades. And in the space spared beneath the placarded trees there lay enough cartons, paper and Sunday newsprint to fill a couple of wheelbarrows. I am afraid it is no good saying it with flowers of poesy. The *Golden Treasury* will not do the trick. I doubt if anything short of capital punishment will make our nation come clean.

No Pleasure Garden.—We all did our bit to kill the detestable plan for a "pleasure garden" at Windsor. We shall attend its funeral with a song in the heart. It is a proof of the power of the Press—still the strongest force the people possess to enforce their majority will. The Press, if it tries, can move mountains, even Governments and bureaucracies and vested interests. But, as Jupiter said, the Press had need to be backed by a local resistance movement. The sane majority of Windsor residents are proud to live under the shadow of the Castle in a Royal borough. The Castle in all conscience is a magnet which alone draws quite enough traffic through Windsor's narrow, tortuous streets. And the magnet draws all classes; it is a democratic magnet with a vengeance. A "pleasure garden" superimposed on a gigantic pleasure garden struck the people of Windsor as lacking in taste, dignity and plain common sense. We have frequent instances of those in charge of local affairs—the elected representatives of the people—taking majority decisions opposed to the majority opinion of those who elected them. Successful local resistance to such decisions is difficult without calling on outside help. The Press and national common sense have combined with Windsor's sane citizens to kill this foolish project. There are other local foolishnesses which will be killed by the same powerful combination.

> At Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A frightful pleasure-dome decree,
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran . . .

There are Xanadus and Kubla Khans all over England.

Civil Defence at Coventry.—Perhaps there are Kubla Khans at Coventry. The Civil Defence exercise held there certainly did not lack elements of farce and vulgarity. It may have been sheer bad luck that the exercise recently held there on May 30 under Home Office authority should have so swiftly followed some very wobbly and unconvincing directives in Parliament about the new technique in combating the effects of the atom or hydrogen bomb. It looked rather like facing an angry bull with nothing more effective than a small red handkerchief. Field-Marshal Montgomery, at any rate, thinks that atomic weapons make *all* the difference in training and organisation for defence, and what goes for defence training in Germany surely goes for Civil Defence training at home. There *is* something here a little like the Duke of Cambridge's Toryism in training his troops on the Iron Duke's model half-a-century after Waterloo. If Coventry was to be convinced, the exercise might have been more effective if the Home Secretary had been a little less vague in Parliament about new notions for a new technique. It is just possible to argue that the Coventry councillors have been forcing a *reductio ad absurdum* by their "defeatist" policy. If it was so, the gesture was not entirely irresponsible or unpatriotic.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The Black Country

By PHIL DRABBLE

Special Drawings by Jack Merriott, R.I.

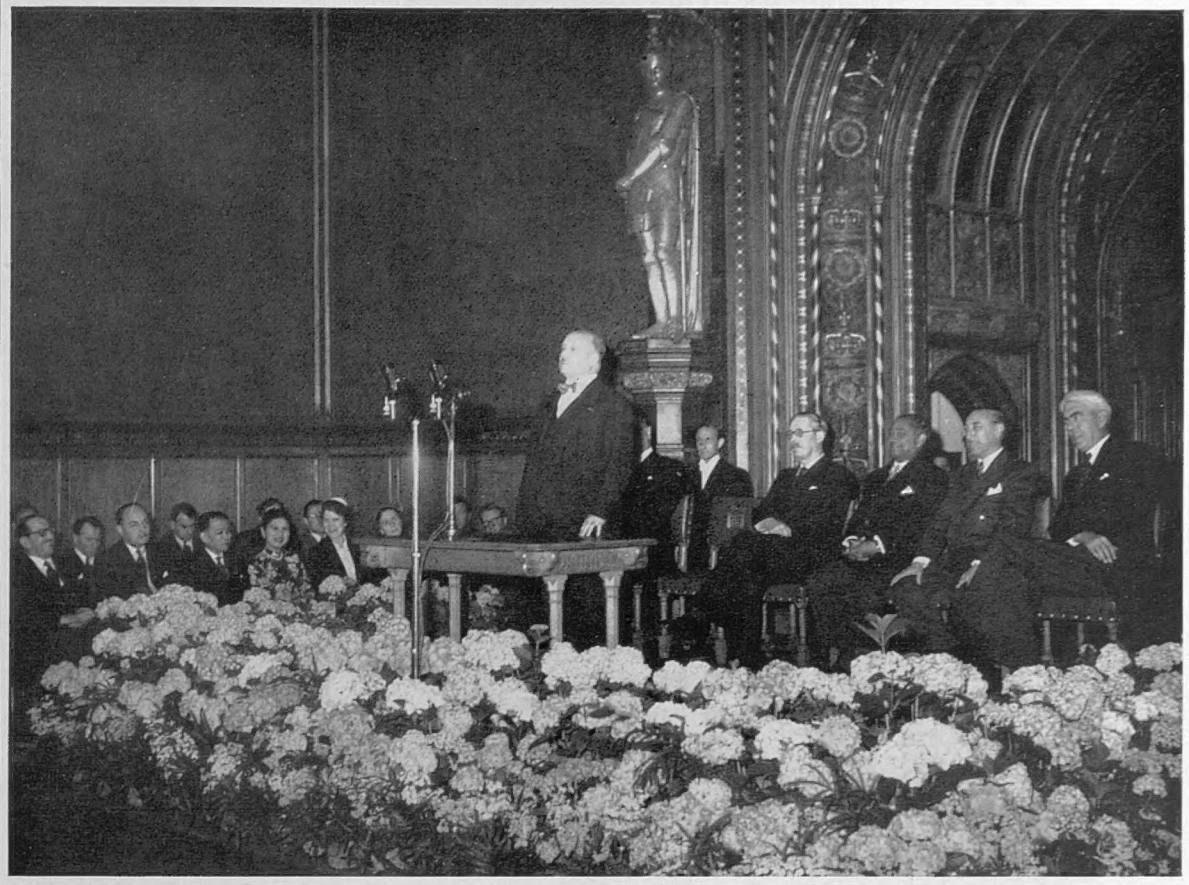
also

Bolton Abbey Octocentenary

Drawings by Dennis Flanders

MAY WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE: The Editor regrets that the caption to a picture on page 423 of last week's issue, which referred to "Trinity Great Gate," was incorrect. The gateway depicted was, of course, that of St. John's College.

CELEBRATING THE JUBILEE OF THE ENTENTE CORDIALE



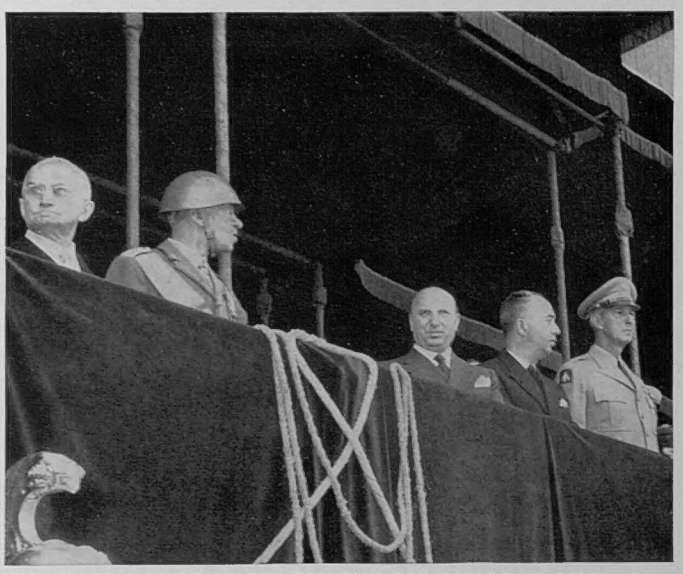
HOSPITALITY RETURNED: Following the visit of a British Parliamentary delegation to Paris a fortnight earlier, the fiftieth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale was further celebrated by the arrival in London of a French Parliamentary delegation. Above is the scene during a reception in the Royal gallery of the Palace of Westminster. Speaking is M. André le Troquer, President of the National Assembly and leader of the delegation, which consisted of twelve official members and six others. Immediately on his left are Mr. Harold Macmillan and M. Gaston Monnerville, President of the Council of the Republic. On the extreme left of the picture are the French Ambassador, M. Massigli, and the British Ambassador in Paris, Sir Gladwyn Jebb. The French delegation, among other official functions, visited Windsor to lay a wreath on the tomb of Edward VII, who did so much to further the Entente, and attended a sherry party given by the Queen for them at Buckingham Palace.

THE VICTORIA TOWER EMERGES FROM ITS "SPLINTS"

FREE OF SCAFFOLDING, WHICH WAS FIRST BUILT ROUND IT IN 1937, THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT APPEARS AGAIN IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM: Only a small amount of scaffolding now remains at the base. The work of replacing and restoring defective stonework began in 1938, but was postponed during the war. Victoria Tower is the highest of the three towers on the Houses of Parliament, and reaches a height of 336 ft.

THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC CELEBRATES ITS EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY

In Rome was Held an Impressive Display of the Power of the New Italian Army



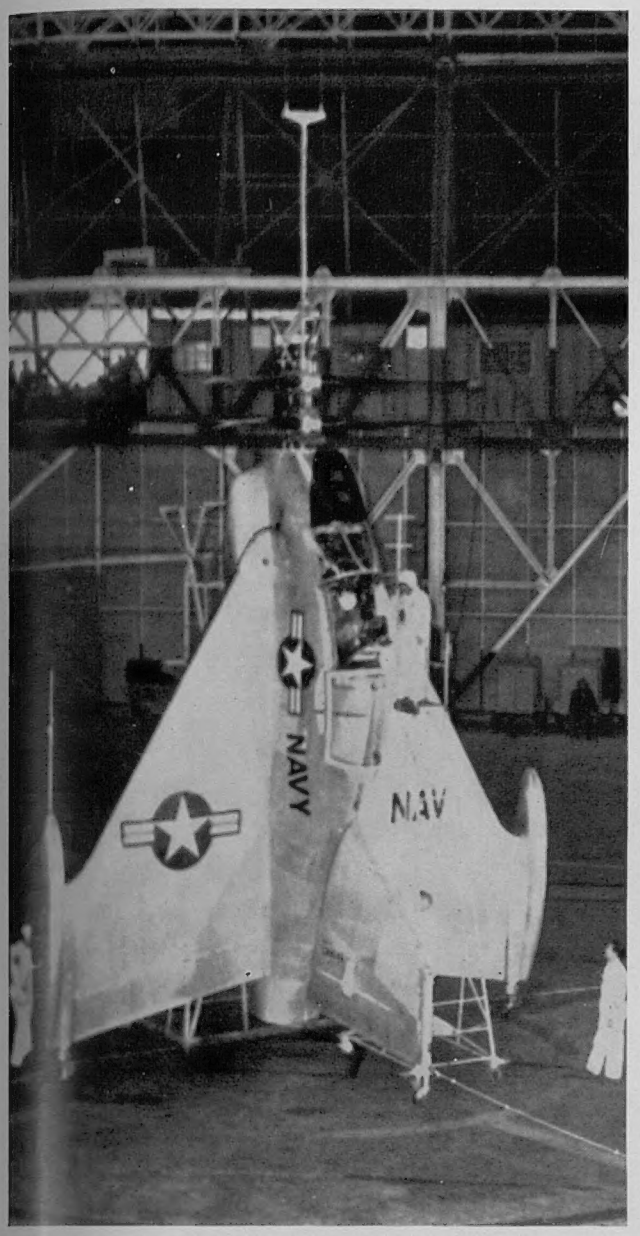
THE SALUTING POINT OF THE REPUBLIC DAY PARADE IN ROME : Seen in the box, left to right, are the Italian President, Luigi Einaudi ; General F. Mancinelli ; Prime Minister Mario Scelba ; Defence Minister Paolo Emilio Taviani, and General Mark Clark. General Clark, who commanded the American Fifth Army during the Italian campaign of the Second World War, was the principal of many distinguished guests who watched this parade to mark the eighth anniversary of the Italian Republic. The display was convincing proof that Italy, after being left prostrate by the war, has emerged again as a power in Western Europe, largely due to American North Atlantic Treaty Aid.

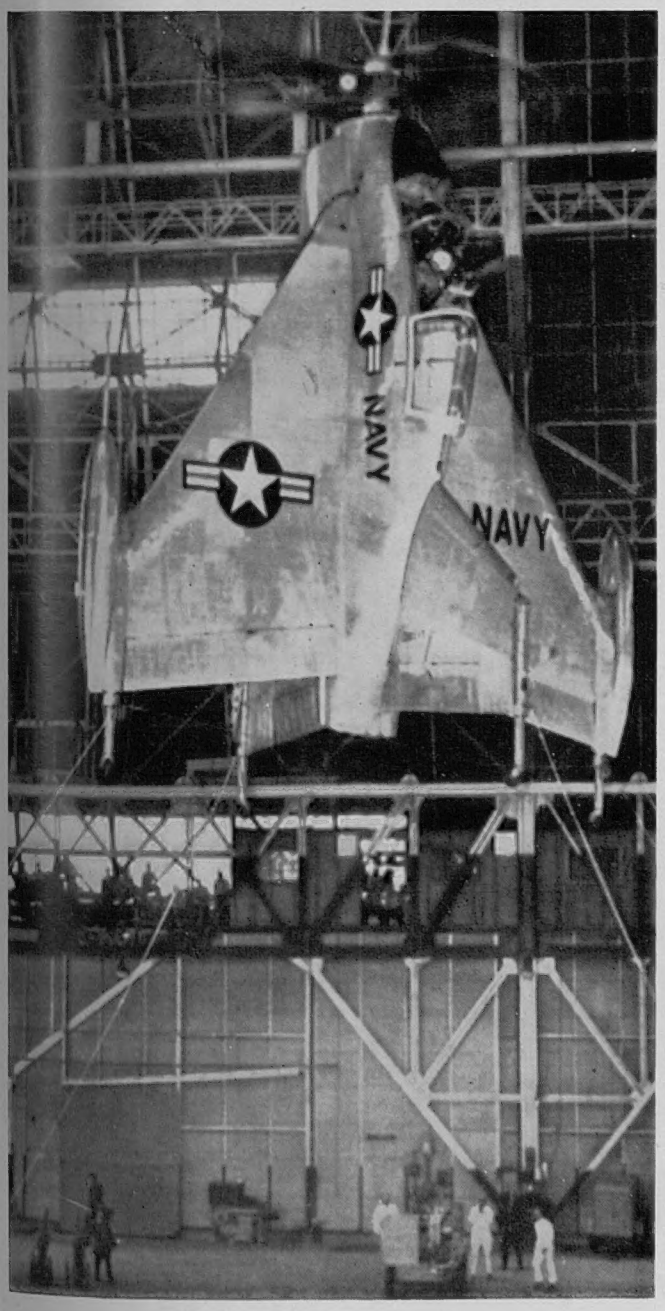
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARADE : A squadron of Republic Thunderjets, supplied to Italy by the U.S. under the North Atlantic Treaty, flies overhead as formations of troops march down the Via del Fori Imperiali.

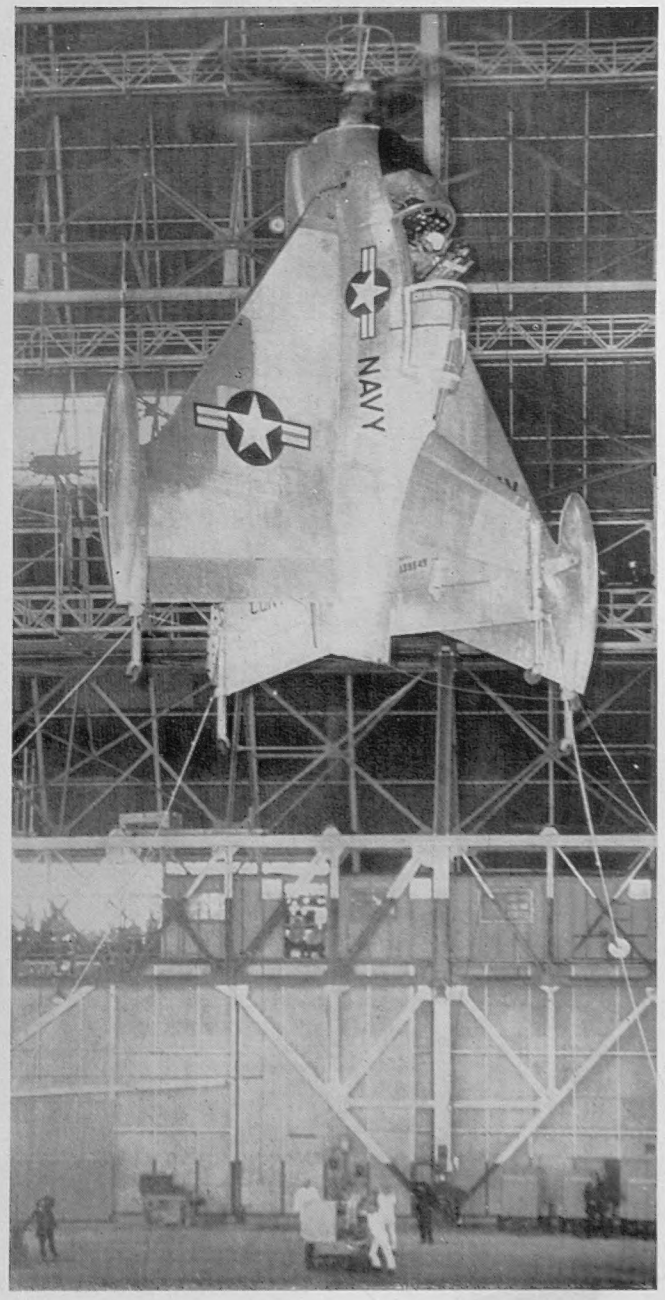
THE VIEW FROM THE COLOSSEUM : Down towards the Piazza Venezia to salute their President rumble some of the 200 tanks which took part in the parade. There were also thousands of infantrymen, 100 artillery pieces, and a fly-past of 150 jet fighter aircraft.

INFANTRYMEN WITH BAZOOKAS DO A SMART "EYES LEFT" : These extremely effective anti-tank weapons are of the latest American type. The equipment of the new Italian Army is predominantly American.

TANKS APPROACH THE PRESIDENT'S GRANDSTAND : Romans perch precariously on a ruined wall to watch armoured units of the Italian Army pass by. In the background can be seen the mighty ruins of the Colosseum.





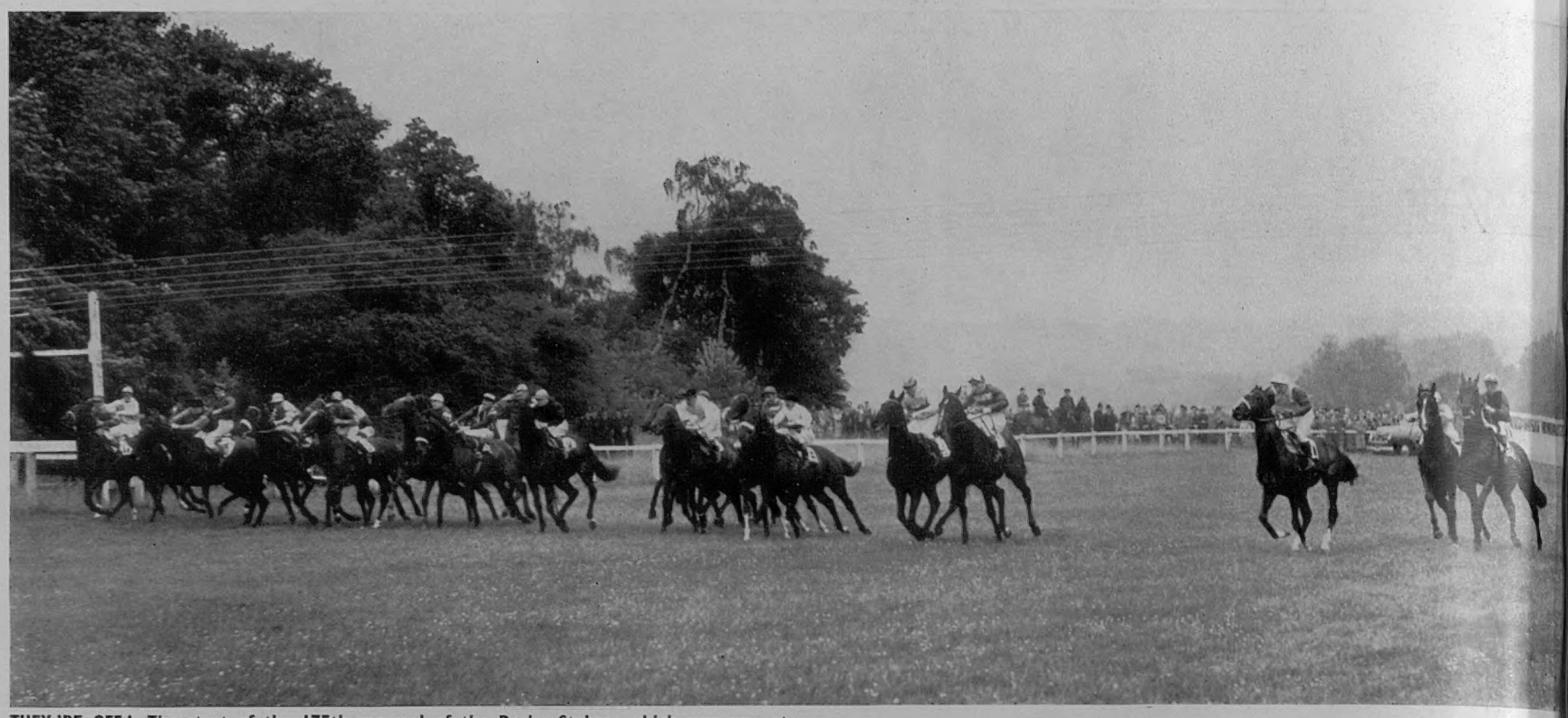


A VERTICAL TAKE-OFF ACHIEVED

The Convair XFY-1 makes its First Vertical Take-off in a Hangar in California

FOUR PICTURES OF THE UNITED STATES CONVAIR XFY-1, AS IT MADE ITS FIRST "STRAIGHT-UP" TAKE-OFF: The first picture shows the aircraft with its contra-rotating propellers whirling round just before the moment of take-off. In the second picture the XFY-1 is just leaving the floor, an anxious moment for all concerned. In the two other pictures it is seen well clear of the ground. It reached a height of 60 ft. before the pilot gradually reduced his engine power, allowing the aircraft to settle gently on the spot from which it had just taken off. These four pictures show the delta-wing configuration of the Convair XFY-1 and also the way in which the pilot's seat tips forward, so that he remains as near as possible in the normal sitting position, no matter what attitude the aircraft takes. The tests were made in a large hangar at Moffett Field, in California, and in case of accident, the plane was tethered to the roof. The pilot was Mr. J. F. Coleman, a test pilot of the Consolidated Vultee Corporation, which has built the aircraft.

The news that the United States had produced the XFY-1 and a similar aircraft, the XFV-1, was released last March, and at that time some doubt was expressed by aviation sources in this country as to whether the two experimental planes would be successful The delta-winged Convair XFY-1 seems to have overcome the main difficulty of rising from the ground, but another snag, which cannot be tested until a proper flight has been made, is the difficulty of landing such an aircraft. The technique suggested is that the pilot should pull the nose of the plane up and, when vertical, gradually reduce power until the propellers are acting as helicopter blades. Cross winds may have an adverse effect on these aircraft when taking-off and landing. But difficulties such as these are encountered in any new type of aircraft, and when overcome, the two planes should prove a valuable addition to the strength of the United States Navy for which they have been designed. When in operational service, the two VTO aircraft will probably be fitted with rocket boosters to give them a speedier take-off and to enable them to reach their operational ceiling in less time. Their main value lies in the fact that they could operate not only from aircraft-carriers, but from other warships and merchantmen, as they do not need a runway. In Britain, much thought has been given to this type of aircraft. During the seventh Louis Bleriot lecture at Paris, earlier this year, Mr. Raoul Hafner, the chief helicopter designer of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, outlined a scheme whereby such aircraft, fitted with twin engines, could be used as air coaches, linking one city with another.



THEY 'RE OFF! The start of the 175th renewal of the Derby Stakes, which was run at Epsom on Wednesday of last week. The field of twenty-two got away to a good start on this cold day. The first to show in front were L'Avengro, Rowston Manor (joint favourite with Ferriol) and Blue Sail. The 33 to 1 winner, Never Say Die, came into the lead about a furlong from the post and went on strongly to win by two lengths. The race was a triumph for eighteen-year-old Lester Piggott; for Never Say Die's American owner, Mr. R. S. Clark (scoring the first American victory in the Derby since 1881); for trainer Joe Lawson, and for the bookmakers. Arabian Night (also at 33 to 1) was second, and Darius (second favourite) third in a hard-ridden photo finish.

AN AMERICAN WINNER OF THE 175TH DERBY

Lester Piggott Rides Never Say Die to Victory at Epsom

AT THE MILE POST: In front are D. Smith on Rowston Manor, M. Beary on Alpenhorn and E. Smith on L'Avengro. At this stage, Lester Piggott on the winner was hemmed in behind them. He can be seen just behind Beary. Never Say Die lay fifth or sixth all the way to the straight, when he came clear away. Lester Piggott is known as a spirited rider, who rode his first winner at the age of eleven, and has been up before the Stewards for taking chances. Last winter he rode in several hurdle races.

THE QUEEN'S HORSE LEADS AT TATTENHAM CORNER: Second from right is W. Snaith on Landau, who for a mo nent led D. Smith on Rowston Manor (on rails). Just behind them, on the rails, is E. Mercer on Darius, which finished third. On left of the three leaders is J. Longden, the champion American jockey, on Blue Sail, and, beyond him, is the winner, Lester Piggott, on Never Say Die. *On left*—THE FINISH: Never Say Die clear in front at the post, with Arabian Night and Darius fighting it out behind for second place.

Never Say Die was the first American-bred colt to win the Derby since Mr. Lorrilard's Iroquois won in 1881. The colt was foaled in Virginia. He is by Nasrullah out of an American mare, Singing Grass, and was never fancied in the race—much to the advantage of the bookmakers. Seventy-six-year-old Mr. R. S. Clark has been breeding for thirty-five years, and was not present to see his crowning achievement. For J. Lawson it was the climax to his twenty-seven years as a trainer. Three weeks before the race, Never Say Die had come third in the Newmarket Stakes, when he had tended to veer to the left. Epsom is a left-handed course, and this may have favoured him. Young Lester Piggott comes of racing stock. His father was a notable steeplechase jockey, his mother has won the Town Plate on two occasions, his grandfather won the Grand National three times, and his great-grandfather won over 1,500 races towards the end of the last century.

UNEARTHING 5,000-YEAR-OLD FUNERARY BOATS

A New Discovery Beside the South Face of the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Giza

After last week's festival of Bairam, which terminated the Fast of Ramadan, a recently discovered burial chamber at Giza was to be reopened and experts were to examine the two funerary boats of the Pharaoh Cheops found by Kamal el-Malakh. The discovery was made towards the end of May, when Mr. el-Malakh was superintending work on the construction of a road around the Pyramid. The chamber in which the boats are situated is protected by huge slabs of limestone weighing about 20 tons, which form the roof of a long corridor, and which, in turn, forms part of the great pyramid of the Fourth Dynasty King. Mr. el-Malakh has said that the ships have at least six decks and that they still retain a faint odour of sacred sycamore and cedar wood mingled with incense. He is also convinced that they contain papyri, bearing incantations written by the priests of the Fourth Dynasty. The funerary boats were a central factor in the ancient Egyptian religion, and the Egyptians believed that they would carry their souls across the sky in eternal sunshine.

THE SITE OF THE DISCOVERY OF TWO INTACT FUNERARY BOATS OF CHEOPS: They were found by the Egyptian archæologist, Kamal el-Malakh, beneath the rail track in the foreground. The 5,000-year-old vessels are described as solar ships of the night, aboard which the ancient Egyptian rulers believed they could join the celestial caravan of souls journeying with the sun after death.

On right—
THE DISCOVERER OF THE FUNERARY BOATS: Mr. el-Malakh points to the entrance of the long corridor where the vessels were found.

THE HUGE SLABS OF LIMESTONE BLOCKING THE WAY TO THE ENCLOSURE: The discovery was made during the construction of a road around the Great Pyramid of Cheops. The rail track is also close to Kefren Pyramid (seen in the top picture).

WORK GOES AHEAD AT THE PLACE OF DISCOVERY: *Left*—Mr. el-Malakh gives instructions to his assistants, and, *on right*, workmen are seen carrying away rubble from the clearing. After catching a glimpse of the funerary boats, Mr. el-Malakh resealed the opening of the enclosure to prevent the cold night air from penetrating into the chamber and causing damage. He thought that it was possible that the Pharaoh's funeral chamber had never been plundered by robbers.

SUDAN'S CAPITAL, KHARTOUM—AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE IN THE FOREGROUND : In January the Sudan took a first great step towards complete independence when the people elected the first Sudanese Parliament and a Council of Ministers. At the end of three years the Sudanese will be free to choose between complete independence or union with Egypt. Their first Parliament was predominantly in favour of union with Egypt.

Background to the News from

THE SUDAN

Since the Sudan Entered on Its First Important Phase of Self-government Early this Year, It has Three Years in which to Choose Between Complete Independence or Union with Egypt. This Article Explains the Factors which will Influence that Choice

By EDWARD ATIYAH

STANDING to-day in the half-way house of self-government, the Sudan faces many problems. Its 1,000,000 square miles include a large proportion of desert in the north and swamp in the south. Its sparse population of 9,000,000 embraces, in uneasy union, the Muslim Arabs who occupy the country as far south as Malakal and the mainly pagan, non-Arabic-speaking Nilotics of the equatorial region. Even in the more advanced north a substantial section of the people are nomads, and the urban educated class is still a small minority. The backbone of the country's economy is the Gezira cotton-growing scheme irrigated from the Blue Nile, but no further expansion can take place unless more water is made available by a number of dams to be built on both the Blue and the White Niles. All these facts present serious difficulties that must be overcome by the Sudanese in the new phase of their life.

But the chief problem facing them is the political one of determining their future relationship with Egypt: shall the Sudan be an independent, sovereign State, or shall it enter into some form of union with its northern and more advanced neighbour ?

The roots of this problem go back to three main events in modern Sudanese history. The first was the conquest of the Sudan in 1820 by the Khedive of Egypt, Mohammed Ali. The second was the revolt of the Sudanese in 1882, under Mohammed Ahmed el-Mahdi, against the Egyptian Government, the destruction of its regime together with General Gordon, who, at the instance of the British Government (by then in control of Egypt), had been sent to Khartoum to evacuate what remained of its forces, and the establishment by the Mahdi and his successor, the Khalifa, of a purely Sudanese Government that ruled the country till 1898, when the third event happened. This was the re-conquest of the Sudan by an Anglo-Egyptian expedition, and the establishment over the country of a Condominium—an administration representing both Britain and Egypt.

These events not only set the stage for a conflict between Britain and Egypt over the Sudan, but also created the major sectarian rift among the Sudanese themselves, which divides the country to this day and underlies the present political alignment in relation to Egypt.

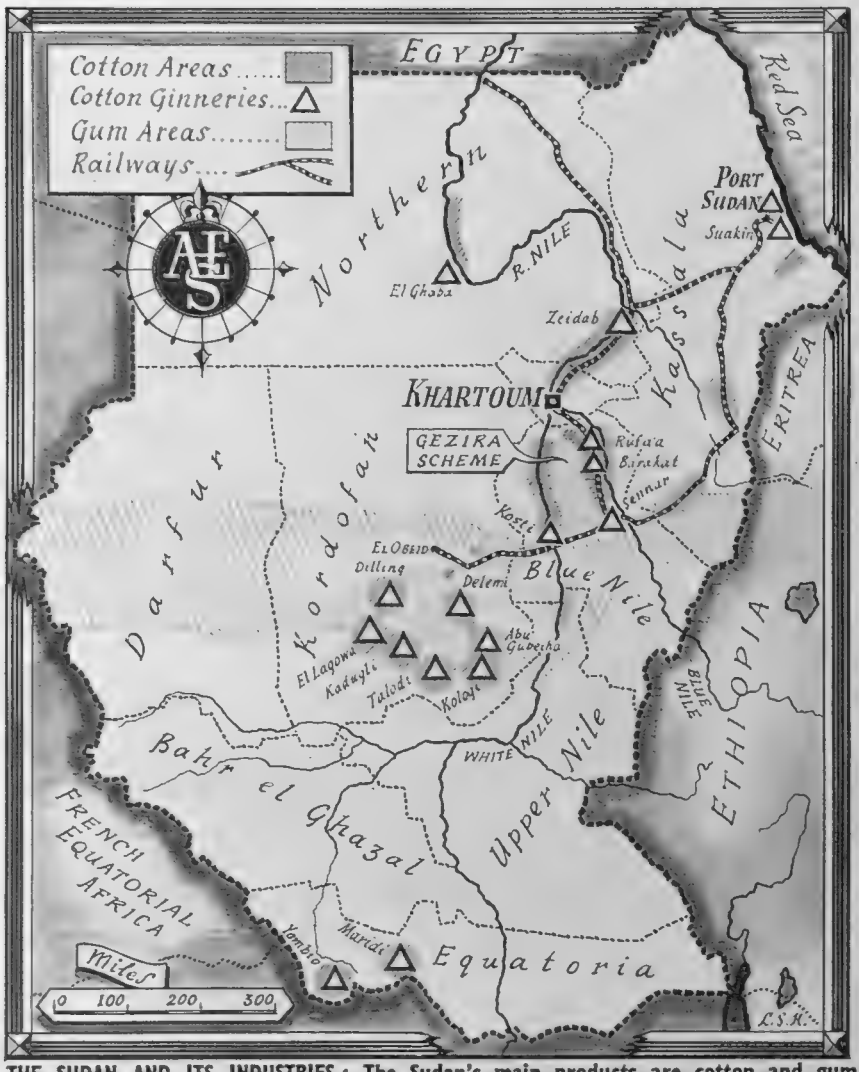
In the conflict between Britain and Egypt, the positions and motives of the two contestants were from the beginning radically different. Britain never had any vital interest in the Sudan. Vaguely, in the expansionist mood of the early part of this century, the occupation of the Sudan was thought to be of strategic value to Britain's African empire. It also provided careers for a few hundred Englishmen, and contributed its quota to the imperial prestige which Britain enjoyed in the world. But there was never a population of British settlers in the country, nor any capital investment. British trade had no special privileges, and though it was convenient for Britain that the Sudan should grow cotton for the looms of Lancashire, it bought the cotton competitively at prevalent world prices. For Egypt, on the other hand, the Sudan has always been a vital interest. The country that is, in the memorable phrase of Herodotus, "the gift of the Nile," could not but feel that her life might depend on events in the Sudan, through which the Nile runs most of its course before reaching her, and in whose territory a major portion of the system of dams have to be located.

From the very beginning, Egyptian nationalist opinion resented the Condominium as a British intrusion. The resentment was enhanced by the fact that though in theory the Condominium was a partnership, in practice it was a British administration, with the Egyptians occupying only a very subordinate position in it. When the Egyptian revolution (against British rule in Egypt) broke out in 1919, one of its declared aims was the expulsion of the British from the Sudan too. Meanwhile, the first generation of Sudanese nationalists had been "brought up" by the Egyptian officers, teachers, Muslim Kadis and junior district officers in the Sudan as allies in the fight against British "imperialism."

This phase of Egypto-Sudanese nationalism culminated in the assassination in Cairo of the British Governor-General of the Sudan in 1924. Britain retaliated by expelling all Egyptian troops and most of the Egyptian officials from the Sudan, so that the Sudan Government became in every sense, except that of an

(*Continued on following page*)

THE HANDING OVER OF POWER : On January 9 the Governor-General, Sir Robert Howe, signed the declaration of self-government and handed it over to the Chief Justice for safe keeping. During the three-year transition period, Britain will gradually replace its British Civil Servants in the Sudan Government with Sudanese ones.



WINGATE AVENUE, KHARTOUM: This modern street in Khartoum is typical of the benefits that Britain has brought the country.

On right—

THE MAHDI: Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman Pasha el Mahdi is the son of the Mahdi who led the revolt of 1882 against Turko-Egyptian rule. He is leader of the Umma Party, which seeks a Sudan independent of both Britain and Egypt.

THE SUDAN AND ITS INDUSTRIES: The Sudan's main products are cotton and gum arabic. Its chief interest to Egypt is that through the Sudan runs the Nile, on whose waters Egypt's life depends. Britain has few interests in the country—no capital investments, no settlers. Though Lancashire buys Sudan's cotton she does so at competitive prices; Britain has no special trade privileges in the country. *On right* of the large-scale map is a smaller one showing Sudan's place on the African continent. Most of south Sudan's people are Negroes, while in the north they are Arabs.

THE SUDAN NOW FACES ITS FUTURE

(Continued from previous page)

intangible legal theory represented by a flag, a purely British administration.

This catastrophe produced a new kind of Sudanese nationalism. Many of the Sudanese nationalists who had taken part in anti-British incidents in Khartoum felt that Egypt had let them down, and suffered an acute revulsion of sentiments towards her. Moreover, Egypt's impotence in face of the high-handed action taken by the British convinced a large section of the Sudanese that it would be easier to achieve a gradual fulfilment of their national aspirations by co-operation with the British rather than by renewing their association with Egyptian nationalism. Thus was born the movement aiming at Sudanese independence, as opposed to amalgamation with Egypt.

Britain encouraged this movement. Although its leaders, particularly when challenged by the Egyptians (who accused them of being British stooges), gradually emphasized that the independence they sought involved the abolition of British as well as Egyptian control, the British administrators in the Sudan did not oppose it. Rather, they came increasingly to take their stand on the right of the Sudanese to independence. There were several reasons for this British attitude. First, the leaders of the new nationalism were mostly moderate and senior Government officials, well known to the British and on good terms with them. Secondly, the independence they advocated was of a gradual nature and to be achieved by a positive attitude towards Britain. Thirdly, and above all, the British supported the independence movement because it opposed Egypt and offered the hope of a self-governing or independent Sudan closely associated with Britain.

Why, in the absence of vital British interests, were the British officials in the Sudan so strongly opposed to Egyptian claims—particularly as on several occasions a concession over the Sudan issue might have helped in the solution of the Suez problem and so brought about a general Anglo-Egyptian agreement? The explanation is that the British officials in the Sudan Government came to regard the country as their parish and to resent any Egyptian interference in it. Particularly after the incidents of 1924 British sentiments in the Sudan became strongly anti-Egyptian. But this was not all. The British administration in the Sudan had done an admirable job in building up an honest, efficient and trusted Civil Service that was helping the country to develop along sound lines. Many of the British officials genuinely and justifiably abhorred the prospect of their work being undone if Egyptian influences gained the upper hand in the Sudan—a feeling which was shared by many of the Sudanese themselves in the pre-Neguib days when corruption was rampant in Egypt.

For many years the struggle between Britain and Egypt revolved round the issue whether the Sudan was entitled to self-determination, or was a part of Egypt, subject to Egyptian sovereignty and debarred from any right of secession. Britain took her stand on the right of the Sudanese to decide for themselves what their status should be in relation to Egypt, while Egypt at first clung obdurately to a theoretical sovereign right based on the conquest of Mohammed Ali and the reconquest of 1898. Failing to secure Egyptian co-operation, the Sudan Government, with the backing of Britain, began to create self-governing institutions for the Sudanese. These institutions were boycotted by the pro-Egyptian party in the Sudan, which had re-formed since 1942. The deadlock with Egypt was only ended by General Neguib in the autumn of 1952. He agreed to waive the claim to sovereignty and admit the right of the Sudanese to self-determination. In return, the Independence Front in the Sudan, headed by the Umma party under the patronage of Sayed Sir Abdel-Rahman el-Mahdi, conceded the Egyptian demand that during a three-year transition period of self-government, before self-determination, all British (as well as Egyptian) troops, police officers and administrative officials should be retired from the country, so that the Sudanese decision should be really free. Britain accepted this Egypto-Sudanese agreement, and preparations were made for the election of the first Sudanese Parliament and Council of Ministers to inaugurate the self-government transition period.

Here it is necessary to explain the sectarian position in the Sudan. When Mohammed Ahmed el-Mahdi (whose son is the patron of the Independence Front to-day) established his rule in 1885, he suppressed all the Sufi sects which he found flourishing in the Sudan and regarded as heretical. The most important of these sects was the Khatmiya, whose present head, Sayed Ali el-Mirghani, is the patron of the parties that favour union with Egypt. When the Condominium was established in 1898, Sayed Ali, who had been taken to safety in Egypt during the rule of the Mahdi and the Khalifa, was re-installed as chief religious notable of the Sudan in alliance with the Government, which did much to build him up while it kept Sayed Abdel-Rahman el-Mahdi suppressed for many years as potentially dangerous.

El-Mahdi, whose father had been virtually king of the Sudan after freeing it from Egyptian rule, resented Egypt's claims of sovereignty and gave his support to the independence movement when it began to develop after 1924. El-Mirghani, dreading El-Mahdi, and believing that the goal of the independence movement was a Mahdist monarchy, lent the support of his sect to the Ashigga party that advocated union with Egypt. This party consisted of several elements: Sudanese that were half-Egyptian by descent, those who opposed El-Mahdi and his family as a wealthy oligarchy with aspirations to kingship, and discontented Government officials and others who hated the British as "imperialists." Together with the followers of the Khatmiya sect, the Ashigga formed the National Unionist party, which won a sweeping success in the parliamentary elections of last autumn. Their victory was due in the first place to the anti-British, or anti-imperialist, attitude now prevalent in the Middle East, to the popularity of General Neguib and intensive Egyptian propaganda, and lastly to their superior electioneering.

TERANGORE VILLAGE IN SUDAN'S EQUATORIA PROVINCE: This is a village of the Latuka tribe in southern Sudan. This area is racially a Central African country and has no real links with the North.

On the day Parliament was to be opened (March 1), Premier Ismail Azhari and his Egyptian friends wished to present General Neguib with an impressive demonstration of pro-Egyptian sentiment in Khartoum. El-Mahdi's sect, the Ansar, whose main strength is not in the towns, but in tribal areas along the White Nile and in the western Sudan, brought into Khartoum a large number of tribesmen to show Neguib the other side of the picture. The situation got out of control and there were a number of fatal casualties. The responsibility for this tragic occurrence cannot be laid solely on the shoulders of the Ansar, since there had been considerable Egyptian provocation. Also, although the incident may have damaged the reputation of the Umma party in one way, in another it probably served

A DAM ON THE MAIN IRRIGATION CANAL OF THE GEZIRA COTTON SCHEME: The cotton areas, irrigated from the Blue Nile, are the backbone of the country's economy, but cannot be expanded much until more dams are built.

On left—

COTTON ON ITS WAY TO COLLECTING STATIONS: Here bales of cotton are being transported by the Middle East's universal beast of burden, the camel.

A HOUSE IN THE KORDOFAN PROVINCE: This is typical of the houses in the Mesakin Qusar Nuba area. It consists of five "tukls" joined to a central courtyard, which is roofed over with dhura grass stalks. There is only one entrance to the house, which is the keyhole doorway in the centre tukl, which serves as the entrance hall. On the left is a bedroom; the others are a beer store, granary and cookhouse. The central courtyard is used as a living and reception room.

HELICOPTERS PROTECT THE COTTON CROP: This machine is spraying insecticides over the great fields of the Gezira cotton scheme south of Khartoum. Most of the cotton crop is grown in the Gezira area, between the Blue Nile and the White Nile.

THE MAIN WEALTH OF SUDAN: These workers are removing a new bale of cotton from the hydraulic press in which it has just been packed tight, wrapped and bound. Its most likely destination after this is a mill in rain-soaked Lancashire.

a useful purpose in making the Egyptians and their supporters realise the strength of the opposition, and the ultimate danger of even civil war if restraint is not exercised.

The National Unionist party, now in office, is not entirely agreed on the kind or degree of association with Egypt which it advocates. A small minority favours complete fusion; but the majority would probably only accept some kind of federal union guaranteeing the separate identity of the Sudan. Recent events in Egypt demonstrating the instability of the regime and the uncertainty of the future of that country are bound to weaken Sudanese advocates of union and strengthen the opposition.

Scarcely less fundamental than a political settlement of the relations between Egypt and the Sudan is the question of agreement on the distribution of Nile waters between them. The agreement now in force (concluded between Egypt and the British, acting on behalf of the Sudan, twenty years ago) is overwhelmingly in Egypt's favour. However, the Sudanese generally concede the right of Egypt to her share of the present volume of water available, since Egypt's irrigation-based economy had developed to a point at which her entire population became dependent on it for its living before large-scale irrigation started in the Sudan. But there is the question of the extra water that will become available when the new dam and Sudd clearance projects have been carried out. The Sudanese are claiming a much larger share of this water, and they may see in any political settlement that would subordinate them to Egypt a threat to their ability to enforce this claim. The Egyptians, on the other hand, fear that any settlement that did not give them some measure of control over the Sudan would leave the water, which is their life-blood, in foreign hands. In these circumstances no political solution is possible which does not include an agreement on the distribution of Nile water.

Another important problem is that of the British officials (about 1,000) who are in the service of the Sudan Government. Although the British Governor-General (advised by an international commission, on which Britain and Egypt as well as the Sudanese are represented) is accelerating the process of substituting Sudanese for British officials, it seems very unlikely that enough qualified Sudanese will be available in the next three years to make possible the retiring of all British administrative officers before the date fixed for self-determination. Moreover, relations between the senior British officials and the Sudanese party now in office are strained—a situation which unless remedied may lead to the voluntary retirement of many British officials as soon as they reach the requisite age. The Sudanese Council of Ministers will have to choose between taking considerable risks with the efficiency of their Civil Service on the one hand, and their nationalist and Egyptian-stimulated desire to get rid of their British staff, on the other.

Lastly, there is the problem of the Southern Sudan, and the difficulty of its successful integration with the North, especially if the Northern Sudanese decide to enter into what the Southerners may consider too close an association with Egypt. The Southern Sudan is really a Central African country, while the Northern Sudan is both geographically and culturally a part of the Middle East. It was the conquest of Mohammed Ali that first joined the two countries under one political authority. The union was maintained by the Condominium government, but the British left education in the South in the hands of Christian missions, and together with education there went proselytisation. The result is that there are about 100,000 Christians in the South to-day and only some 10,000 Muslims, the rest of the 3,000,000 inhabitants of the region being pagan. When constitutional development was initiated in the North in 1948, the South, speaking through its exiguous educated minority, elected to be associated with the North in this development, but with many reservations and safeguards. To-day the Southerners form part of the Independence Front, and one of the chief tasks of the Sudanese Government is to win their confidence and complete the process of their amalgamation with the North.

A Survey of the Foreign News

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S PRISON PUPILS

Ethiopia's Emperor Visits the United States; and Other Recent Events Throughout the World

GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S "HOME OF THE RE-BORN" OFF FORMOSA: In this lonely camp on a tiny storm-swept island off the main island of Formosa are kept 1,450 political prisoners whom Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek intends to convert to the democratic way of life. *Above*, some of them parade for morning roll-call. All are serving sentences of three years or more, which can be extended until their re-education, or "counter-brain-washing," has been completed. So far, about 1,000 prisoners have been released to the Formosan mainland; none have ever escaped from the camp, which was built by the prisoners themselves. *On right*—A party of prisoners do P.T. on the bleak-looking beach.

EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE ADDRESSES A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON: During his speech, the Emperor called for collective security, saying that no State, large or small, can refuse to give aid to others against aggression. He read the beginning of his speech in rather halting English, then continued in the ancient Ethiopian tongue of Amharic, which is related both to Hebrew and Arabic. Copies of the speech in English were distributed to members. Haile Selassie was on an official State visit to America and arrived in Washington from New York in the President's personal aircraft, the *Columbine*. In Washington, Haile Selassie was the President's guest at the White House for one night. He is supposed on this visit to be laying the groundwork for a 100,000,000-dollar loan, which, according to informed circles, he should not have much difficulty in getting, because of his resistance to Communist overtures. He wants the money to develop the rich uranium deposits in Ethiopia and to establish an engineering school and a modern hospital in Addis Ababa.

A NEW ITALIAN LINER AT GENOA: The *Christoforo Colombo*, built in Genoa, is just undergoing its final trials. It belongs to the Italia Line and will operate on the North American route between Naples and New York. It is a sister-ship of the *Andrea Doria*, and is approximately of 29,000 gross registered tons, 697 ft. long, with a beam of 90 ft. Its cruising speed is 23 knots, it carries 1,250 passengers in three classes, each class having its own swimming-pool.

BATTLE FOR CONTROL OF NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD: Robert R. Young, veteran railroad man and friend of the Duke of Windsor, attacks a fried chicken-leg during a break in the crucial stockholders meeting of the 3,000,000,000-dollar New York Central Railroad, second largest railway system in the world. A fight for control of it broke out between Young and the present chairman, William White, some time ago, and both sides have been campaigning in the Press for votes for months past. Stockholders were asked to vote for one of two lists of nominees to the board; though the results were not known late last week, Robert Young was expected to win.

PREPARING FOR THE EMPIRE GAMES IN CANADA: A view of the swimming-pool at Vancouver, British Columbia, which is being built in readiness for the Games, which open on Friday, July 30. The high diving-board is already in position and the lanes for the swimmers are clearly marked on the floor of the pool.

THE SPACIOUS STADIUM WHICH WILL BE USED FOR INDOOR EVENTS AT VANCOUVER: The building, which incorporates many large windows, is now nearing completion. The space seen in this picture will be used for tennis and basket-ball. Among the visitors to the week-long Games will be the Duke of Edinburgh.

RESCUE BOATS IN THE DESERT: They are seen close to one of the flooded palm-fringed villages near Khorramshahr, when they went to the rescue of the villagers who had lost their homes. Khorramshahr, which stands on the River Karun, near its junction with the Shatt-el-Arab, is about twenty-five miles south-east of Basra.

A DESERT VILLAGE BECOMES AN ISLAND—FLOOD DAMAGE IN PERSIA: Household belongings are seen stacked above the level of the flood-water at a desert village which had been engulfed as a result of the floods around the seaport of Khorramshahr. At least three villages were destroyed by the floods.

NORWEGIANS ON SPYING CHARGES IN OSLO: On right is Asbjoern Sunde, formerly a navigator; next to him is Sergeant Erling Nordby, a small-arms mechanic. Both were being tried in camera on charges of spying for the Russians. Sunde fought for the Republicans in Spain during the Civil War, and was leader of a Communist resistance group against the Germans during the last war. He denies espionage, though Nordby is said to have admitted that Sunde asked for and got military information from him. The Soviet cultural attaché, Mr. Mesjevitinov, left Norway a few days after Sunde's arrest and is not returning.

CHOU EN LAI AND HIS STAFF AT GENEVA: This picture shows the Premier of Communist China and other members of his delegation to the Geneva Conference. Left to right are: Wang Chia Shiang, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs; Chou en Lai, Premier, Foreign Minister and leader of the delegation to Geneva; Hsu Chih, Chief Interpreter; Wang Ping Nan, Secretary-General and Chief of Protocol of the Delegation; Chang Wen Tien, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Li Ke Nung, another of Red China's Vice-Ministers of Foreign Affairs. This picture was taken at Chou En Lai's villa, "Montfleury" (which is seen in the background), which is situated about ten miles north-east of Geneva.

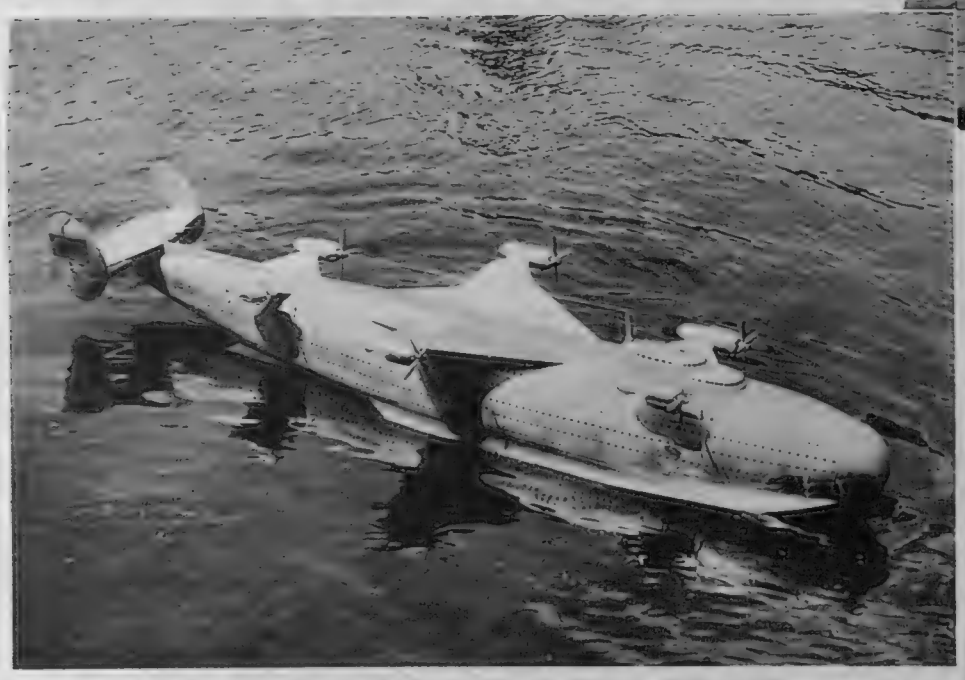
Shipping News

A STEAMER FOR SALE

A Schooner Sails into Boston; The "Super Whale" Prepares for an Atlantic Crossing; The Out-of-Water Boat; "Saxonia" Nears Completion at Clydebank

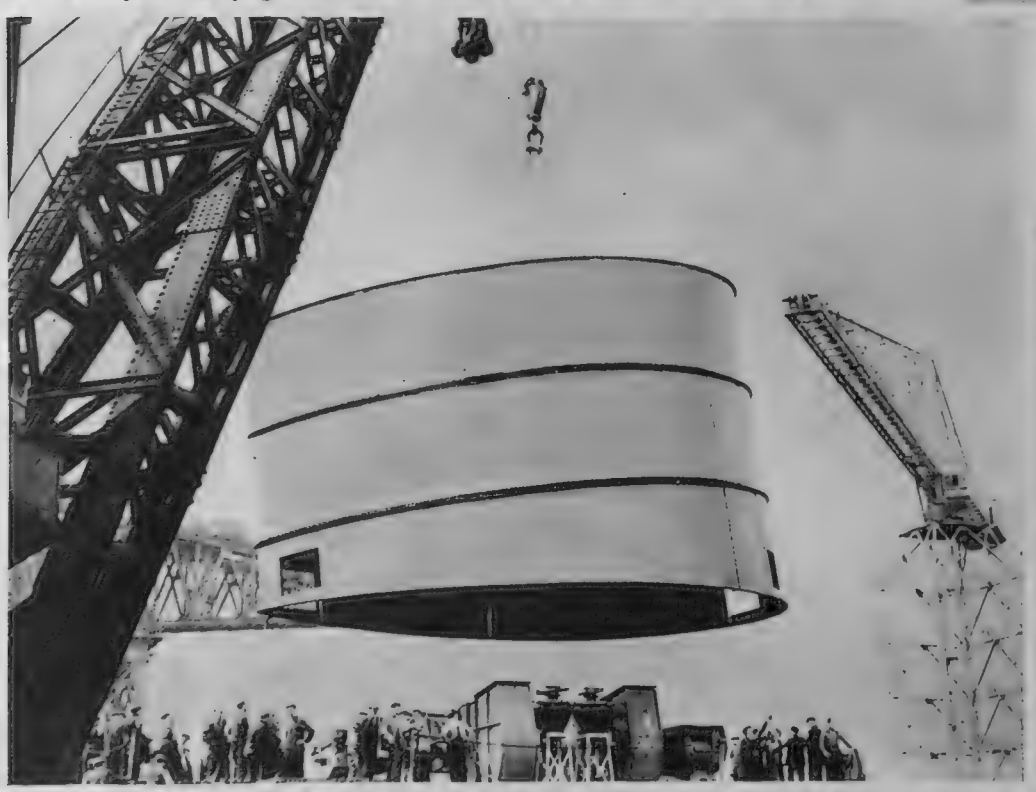
THE WORLD'S OLDEST KNOWN SEAWORTHY STEAMER IS UP FOR SALE: The 1,597-ton oil freighter *Ellen* seen in the harbour at Aarhus, Jutland, where she is now awaiting a decision on her future ownership. She will be sold because the shipowner, Mr. H. Liljestrand of Helsingfors, is not allowed by the Finnish Government to pay the fee for a general overhaul. *Ellen*, built at a West Hartlepool shipyard in 1878, is the oldest steamer on the International Lloyds Register

A SCHOONER SAILS INTO BOSTON FOR A SIX-DAY VISIT: The four-masted schooner *Juan Sebastian de Elcano* is seen entering the Massachusetts harbour at the start of her visit last month. Named after one of Magellan's 16th-century captains, she is now used by the Spanish Navy to train midshipmen. 310 ft. long, *Elcano* was built at Cadiz in 1927-28.



THE DESIGNER SAYS THIS SHIP COULD CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN FIFTY HOURS: A small-scale model of the *Super Whale*, seen on one of its daily test runs on the Havel River, West Berlin. Engineer Wilhelm Fechner, aged fifty-five, who designed the craft with its body modelled on the shape of the flying boat, claims it could cross the Atlantic from Hamburg in fifty hours.

AND NOW THE OUT-OF-WATER BOAT: With a civilian crew taking over, the American Navy's pleasure-boat version of an experimental hydrofoil boat rides completely out of the water during a demonstration at Lake Villa, Illinois. The demonstration was part of the Safety Afloat Conference held by the Outboard Boating Club of America and the Red Cross. The metal foils of the experimental model allow higher speeds at the same horse-power in comparison to a similar craft without these "water wings."



WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE BUILDING OF THE NEW CUNARDER "SAXONIA," THE FIRST OF THREE PASSENGER SHIPS THAT THE COMPANY WILL USE ON THE RUN TO MONTREAL: When she enters into service *Saxonia* will go nearly 1,000 miles up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, instead of ending the Canadian run at Quebec. *Left*—The lower section of the funnel is swung into position at Clydebank, where the liner is fitting out in readiness for her maiden voyage. *Saxonia* will set a new style in funnels for Cunarders; the stack will have a domed top and will be 40 ft. high and 26 ft. wide. *Right*—Mr. Arthur Fletschmann seen at work on a Perspex panel of a Canadian husky dog, which will be mounted between totem poles in the "Husky" bar. The 22,000-ton *Saxonia* will have nine decks, and she will also include new features of passenger-liner construction. In order to reduce the extent of roll at sea the vessel is fitted with Denny-Brown stabilisers.

FRENCH "CORSAIR" FIGHTER-BOMBERS STRIKE AT A VIET-MINH BASE IN THE NINH-BINH AREA: Recently the French, who have expressed their determination to defend the Red River delta area, have been carrying out mopping-up operations of isolated Viet-minh units in a triangular area bounded by Phuly, Ninh-binh and Nam-dinh. Phuly, a key communications centre, is thirty-five miles south of Hanoi. The Viet-minh forces are constantly harrying the French and Viet Namese in the vital area between Hanoi and the port of Haiphong. The French have employed 6,000 troops, aided by B-26 bombers and Bearcat and Corsair fighters, in sweeping the delta area. They have also been attacking from the air the five Viet-minh divisions which have been marching towards Hanoi, from Dien Bien Phu. One Viet-minh division, the 351st heavy artillery division, with its guns, trucks and men, has already reached a base forty-five miles north-west of Hanoi. Last week the other four divisions, primarily infantry divisions, were still straggling along the 180 miles of tortuous mountain road to the edge of the delta. A general Viet-minh attack on Hanoi is not expected before the end of June.

IN INDO-CHINA
THE BATTLE CONTINUES

As the Geneva Peace Talks Drag on, the French Forces Prepare for the Coming Viet-minh Assault on Hanoi

A FRENCH FIGHTER-BOMBER, ITS MISSION COMPLETED, TURNS FOR HOME: Wheeling over the mountains, the plane returns to base after strafing Viet-minh units which threaten Hanoi. At the bottom of the picture can be seen the road to Hanoi.

TAXI-ING UP TO TAKE-OFF: A squadron of French Navy Corsairs lines up for yet another sortie against the Viet-minh. The single-engined Corsairs, supplied by the United States, are armed with four machine-guns and can carry six 500-lb. bombs.

WEDDING AT WESTMINSTER

Most of the Royal Family, with 1,700 Other Guests, Attended the Abbey Wedding of Viscount Althorp and the Hon. Frances Roche

BRIDE AND GROOM LEAVE THE ABBEY: Under the crossed swords of a guard of honour of the Royal Scots Greys, Captain Viscount Althorp leads his young bride, the Hon. Frances Roche. The groom was an Equerry to the Queen and acting Master of the Royal Household during the Commonwealth Tour; the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with eight other members of the Royal Family, attended the wedding. The bride, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Fermoy, is only eighteen and was the youngest Abbey bride for fifty years; her parents are tenants of the Queen on the Sandringham estate and Lady Fermoy is an old friend of the Queen Mother. The bride wore a gown of camellia-coloured faille embroidered with diamonds, sequins and rhinestones and a flowing tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara.

THE QUEEN IS AN ABBEY GUEST: She was a few minutes late in arriving at the Abbey, so that the bride, warned by the police outside, delayed her arrival accordingly.

On right—

AFTER THE WEDDING: The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, were among the many Royal guests present. The Duke of Kent was an usher.

On left—

SLIPPER TROUBLE: Lady Margot Cholmondeley, one of the child bridesmaids, stoops to help one of the grown-up bridesmaids with a shoe that has just come undone.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ESCORTS THE QUEEN MOTHER: Saluting them is a Royal Scots Greys W.O. Among the other Royal guests were Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Earl of Athlone.

THE CROWD OF SPECTATORS OUTSIDE THE ABBEY: This wedding, the most fashionable of the year so far, drew crowds to the Abbey from as early as 7 a.m. There were some 1,700 guests, who afterwards left for the reception at St. James's Palace.

HISTORIC KING'S LYNN

Some of the Notable Ancient Buildings in the Norfolk Market Town which this Summer Celebrates the 750th Anniversary of the Granting of its First Royal Charter

FOCAL POINT OF THE MUNICIPAL BOROUGH, SEAPORT AND MARKET TOWN OF KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK: This is the Town Hall, originally the Trinity Guildhall (A.D. 1423), which stands in the Saturday Market Place of the town, which is able to boast no fewer than 400 buildings as Ancient Monuments. The buildings are of all kinds, religious, civic, domestic and commercial, and for the most part are grouped together in the older part of the town. This year King's Lynn celebrates the 750th anniversary of the granting of its first Royal Charter by King John, and to mark the occasion the Queen Mother will receive the Freedom of the Borough.

During the course of the years 1204-5, when King John was travelling through Norfolk on what proved to be a disastrous journey, he visited the town of King's Lynn (otherwise Lynn or Lynn Regis) and made it a free borough. This year Lynn is celebrating the 750th anniversary of that occasion and the culminating point of the festivities will be reached on July 26, when Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits the borough to receive the Freedom; another outstanding arrangement is the Charter Pageant, which is to take place in the week beginning June 20. Many of the items arranged for the Festival in the last week of July will take place in the restored Guildhall of St. George.

King's Lynn, an attractive old town standing on the Great Ouse just before it enters the Wash, is in a very real sense the "capital" of West Norfolk—especially on a Tuesday, one of the two market days, when the town is thronged with visitors and shoppers. Little is known of the town in the Dark Ages, but after the Conquest it grew rapidly until, in the fourteenth century, it was a thriving and prosperous borough, also ranking as the third port of England. It was from Lynn in September, 1470, towards the end of the Wars of the Roses, that King Edward IV fled to Holland; it should also have been the port of arrival for Charles II on his return to England, but he went to Raynham instead.

(Continued on following page)

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY RELIC, AND THE ANCIENT DEFENCE OF THE TOWN: *Left*—Hampton Court, a medieval building situated at the corner of Nelson Street and St. Margaret's Lane, and, *on right*, part of the remains of the old town wall and gateway in The Walks. Hampton Court consists of a complete quadrangle dating from about 1400, in front of which, and facing the street, a further block of buildings was added about a century later. In its original form it appears to have been a monastic or collegiate building, and was later adapted to become a merchant's house. The quadrangle and most of the original structure are intact.

ST. MARGARET'S PARISH CHURCH, KING'S LYNN, WITH ITS TWIN WESTERN TOWERS : This form of architecture is rare in parish churches, the design being most apparent in cathedrals. St. Margaret's, east of the towers, was built in the thirteenth century, but only the chancel and four piers and arches of the central lantern remain ; much rebuilding was carried out after a spire on the south tower had been blown down in 1741. The church was founded by Bishop Losinga, who died early in the twelfth century.

A REGENCY DOORWAY IN NELSON STREET : In the same thoroughfare there is a rare example of a house built wholly of timber.

THE ARCHWAY IN QUEEN STREET LEADING TO THE COURTYARD ENTRANCE OF CLIFTON HOUSE : One of the most interesting merchants' houses of Lynn, Clifton House, dates from the sixteenth or early seventeenth century. It was remodelled in the time of Queen Anne.

THE GREENLAND FISHERY INN IN BRIDGE STREET : This Tudor building, once used as a museum, was badly damaged by enemy action during the war, the back wing being destroyed. The front block, facing the street (shown here), was not seriously damaged and has now been renovated. The Inn forms the end building of a whole row of early houses of medieval or Tudor date in Bridge Street.

HISTORIC KING'S LYNN

(*Continued from previous page*)

One of Lynn's greatest attractions is its remarkable collection of ancient buildings representative of many periods. As most of them are concentrated in one particular area near the river bank, their close proximity greatly enhances their appearance and, in many cases, increases their value as records of the past. On these pages are illustrated several of these ancient foundations which in 1945 were surveyed for the Corporation of King's Lynn by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. They provided a full report commenting on the future maintenance and reconditioning of the old buildings, and also gave their opinion in relation to Town Planning, saying that in King's Lynn "there need be no occasion for opposition between those who desire the preservation of old and beautiful buildings and those who rightly desire reconstruction, better housing conditions and modern development." There was ample space for extension and improvement elsewhere, where it was most needed.

There are many medieval buildings of various kinds which have survived, although, in some instances, they are obscured by later alterations and additions. Most traces of the town's four great friaries, however, have gone, but three important monastic buildings still remain, either as a whole or in part. They are Thoresby College, Hampton Court and the Benedictine Priory. Another outstanding feature is the town's series of merchants' houses, usually with their warehouses adjoining, which recall the former maritime importance and wealth of past centuries. Certain local characteristics in plan are noticeable in these houses, for in some cases they have courtyards which are approached by archways from the street, and this type of courtyard house is far more common on the Continent than in buildings in other English towns.

St. George's Guildhall, in King Street, which was reopened in 1951, is the largest, oldest and probably most complete example of the premises of a medieval merchant guild in England. It was built about 1410 for the St. George's Guild, but was acquired by the Corporation at the time of the suppression of the Guilds in the reign of Edward VI. For many years it was used as a playhouse, and there is a tradition that Shakespeare himself acted there. Its most notable features are the roof of trussed oak rafts and the massive oak floor, which has now been covered with teak.

A NOTABLE HOTEL IN THE SECOND OF LYNN'S TWO MARKETS : The Duke's Head Hotel (1689), probably designed by Henry Bell, which stands in the Tuesday Market Place. The town is rich in houses of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

WHEN KING'S LYNN IS HOST TO THE SURROUNDING NEIGHBOURHOOD : A scene on a busy day in the Tuesday Market Place, a spacious square bordered by several old and interesting houses, one of which was designed in 1685 for Sir John Turner, a Lynn vintner. For about fifty years at the turn of the sixteenth century, the market-place was the scene of the execution of criminals.

ONE OF THE SERIES OF WAREHOUSES OR COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS OF MEDIEVAL AND TUDOR CONSTRUCTION : This warehouse on the South Quay of the harbour, dates back to the sixteenth century ; there is also another warehouse, several storeys high, on Purfleet Quay.

THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY WHITEFRIARS GATEWAY, WITH ITS THREE EMPTY NICHES : This red-brick gateway is all that remains of a Carmelite house. In Austin Street there is an archway of the Augustinian priory.

On left—

AN OLD HOUSE CLOSE TO THE RIVER OUSE : Looking towards the double-fronted Bank House in King's Staithe Square, a fine eighteenth-century building with a seventeenth-century statue framed in its façade. In the fourth week of June the town is staging a Charter Pageant depicting King's Lynn development, while the Festival takes place at the end of July.

THE SOLE REMAINS OF A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY FRIARY : The slender hexagonal Greyfriars Tower in St. James's Street, which once formed the central lantern of the monastery church ; the shaft is supported by four piers.

MOUNTAIN HAZARDS

Mountaineering News in Pictures of a Disaster in Alaska; Preparations for the Assault on Makalu, and a Rescue Exercise in the Dolomites

THE CLIMBING PARTY ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT McKINLEY, ALASKA, BEFORE DISASTER OVERTOOK THEM: Two members of a four-man party who had set out to climb the 20,464-ft. peak, the highest in Alaska, are seen breaking camp just before the party fell 1,000 ft., an accident which proved fatal to one of their number. The party was led by Elton Thayer, a Mount McKinley ranger, who was the man killed. The others were George Argus, a soldier from the U.S. Army's Arctic Test Centre at Big Delta, Alaska, and Morton Wood and Leslie Viereck, both of them students at the University of Alaska. On May 16 the party, roped together, fell from the south buttress of the mountain. Besides the death of Thayer, Argus broke his hip; his two uninjured companions left him in a tent 11,000 ft. up while they went back to fetch help. Wood directed a storm-harassed rescue party up the mountain by radio from a U.S. Air Force plane. Last week, a fortnight after the accident, the eight-man rescue team found Argus alive and well in his tent.

THE SOUTH-EAST RIDGE OF MOUNT MAKALU, IN THE HIMALAYAS: In the foreground can be seen the tents of the Californian expedition at their No. 3 advance camp at 21,000 ft. The expedition, led by Dr. William Siri, aims at conquering Makalu for the first time. Makalu, at 27,790 ft., is the world's fourth highest peak.

AT AN ADVANCE CAMP ON MAKALU: The party started its final assault on May 19. These pictures, taken just before that, were sent back to the railhead by relays of fast runners.

THE LEADER OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION ON MAKALU: Dr. William Siri is seen beside one of the small tents which the party is using at their advance camps. The expedition hopes to reach the summit and to get back again without using oxygen. It was Siri who last month immediately sent a doctor with oxygen and penicillin to the New Zealand Expedition when they asked for help for Sir Edmund Hillary.

A MOUNTAIN RESCUE EXERCISE AT TRENTO, NORTHERN ITALY: The exercise was held recently by the Italian Alpine Club. Here the rescuers have just reached the "injured" climber.

GUIDING THE RESCUED CLIMBER DOWN A WALL: The captain of the rescue team, Mr. Helmut, guides the "injured" man down in a Graminger bag—a special type of rescue carrier.

On left—

The Italian Alpine Club, who arranged the rescue demonstration illustrated on left, now have six rescue teams stationed at Bolzano, Merano, Bressanone, Brunico, Vipiteno and Trento; each section is fully equipped. There are 407 members of this voluntary corps of rescuers and there are twenty-three minor sections situated at the terminals of the valleys. The club also has two high mountain huts which are fully equipped and another twenty-seven equipped with first-aid kits and basic rescue equipment.

The exercise, which they demonstrated before hundreds of spectators, had the object of rescuing an "injured" man whose friend cannot help him. The two climbers signalled for help to near-by climbers, who then called up the rescue team. The exercise was performed on a VIth degree wall—the most difficult to climb—and proved the efficiency of the rescue team in the most difficult circumstances.

THE DOVER CAR FERRY

This Boon to Motorists, which was Opened by the Minister of Transport a Year Ago, is Now in Full Operation

THE DOVER CAR FERRY TERMINAL, WHICH IS NOW COMPLETE: One of the new car ferries, the *Lord Warden*, can be seen in the right-hand loading berth. This picture shows clearly the well-marked parking places where cars may be left. This year it is expected that about 150,000 cars will use the ferry.

Before the Dover Car Ferry was opened, drivers taking their cars to France watched in fear and trembling the lifting of their car by crane, with a sneaking feeling that it might be dropped or swung into some obstacle which would damage it. Now that the new car ferry is complete, the procedure is delightfully simple. One drives up to the Eastern Docks and immediately a series of petrol pumps are available, which is an important point because petrol, if not better, is certainly very much cheaper in England than abroad. Having duly filled up with petrol and, if necessary, oil (because one may now cross with a full tank), a very carefully marked-out car-park is reached, with signs indicating where to park for Calais, Boulogne or Ostend. Here the cars remain while the travellers pass into a beautifully equipped reception building. In the Customs building cars are not in long lines, but staggered in herringbone fashion, one either side of little platforms and, after the formalities have been dealt with, the car proceeds to a line of traffic for the particular ferry which is at the loading berth. The procedure on the other side is approximately the same and, when returning to Dover, these arrangements are reversed, as there is a one-way road around the reception building so that, having returned to Dover, the motorist gets away quickly. The cost of crossing varies with the wheel-base and can be as low as £5.

DRIVING OFF INTO FRANCE: These cars are seen coming off the *Lord Warden* car ferry at the Boulogne terminal.

GOING ON AND COMING OFF THE FERRIES AT DOVER: The car at the left of this picture has just left the ferry, and that at the right is about to go on board the *Lord Warden*. The simple arrangements obviate fear of a traffic jam.

HOW RECORDS ARE MADE

Action Studies of Zatopek, the Runner Who Broke Three World Records in as Many Days

THE START OF A MEMORABLE RACE—EMIL ZATOPEK IN THE 5,000 METRES RACE IN WHICH HE BROKE THE WORLD RECORD: Zatopek is seen on right (number 91) as he surveys the rest of the runners just after the start. His time for the race, which was held in the Colombe Stadium, Paris, before 7,000 spectators, was 13 mins. 57.2 seconds, one second better than the previous record established by Gundar Haegg twelve years ago.

ZATOPEK BUNCHED UP WITH THE OTHER RUNNERS IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE 5,000 METRES: The great Czechoslovak runner was wildly cheered by the spectators, both during the race and when it became known that he had broken the record. Afterwards he announced that he would concentrate on longer distances in the future as the 5,000 metres was becoming too fast. True to his word, the 31-year-old athlete, when running in Brussels three days after his record in France, broke two records (already held by himself) in one race. This was the 10,000 metres, which he ran in 28 mins. 54.2 secs., also breaking the six-mile record on the way. He now holds nine world records.

On left—

ZATOPEK TAKES THE LEAD IN THE 5,000 METRES RACE: *Below*—The finish—the champion's face is contorted as he makes his final efforts.

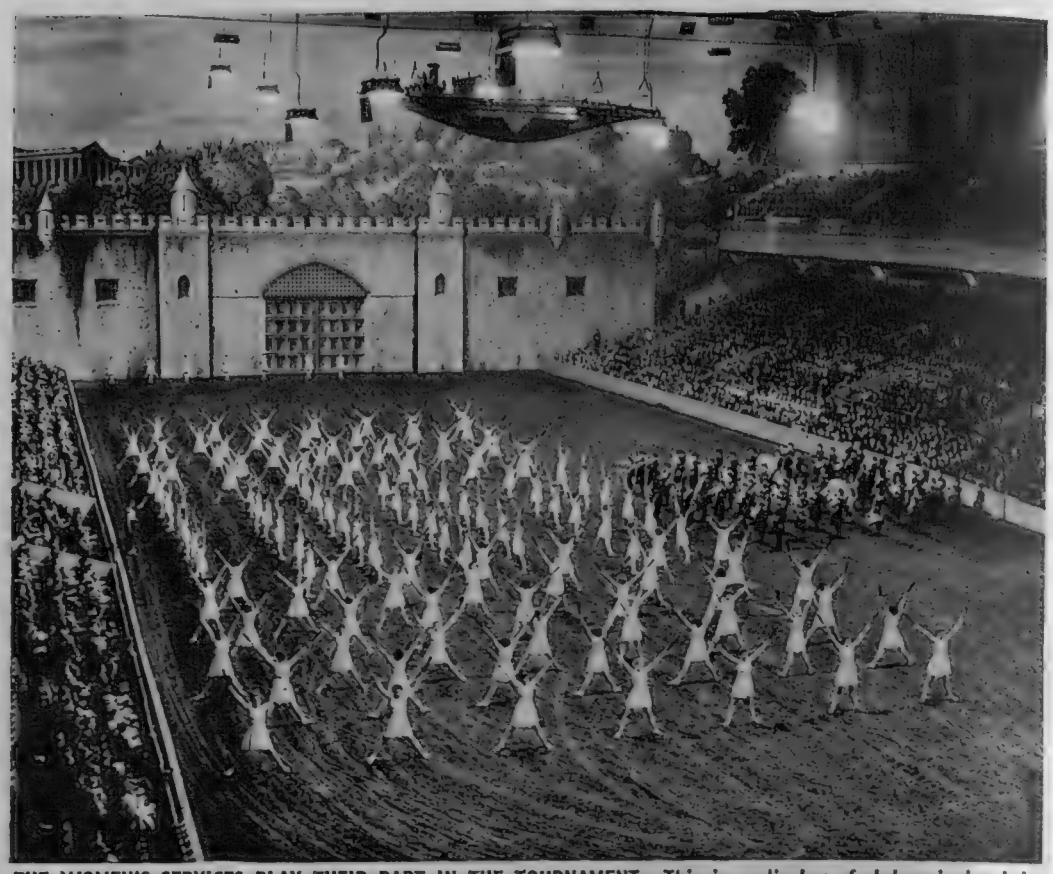
The Sixty-fourth ROYAL TOURNAMENT

Some of the Splendid Displays Now to be Seen at Earl's Court

THE SIXTY-FOURTH ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT EARL'S COURT: A Meteor fighter is wheeled into the arena for a demonstration of R.A.F. safety equipment, which included exhibitions of parachute training, both elementary and progressive, and a demonstration of the Martin-Baker ejection seat.

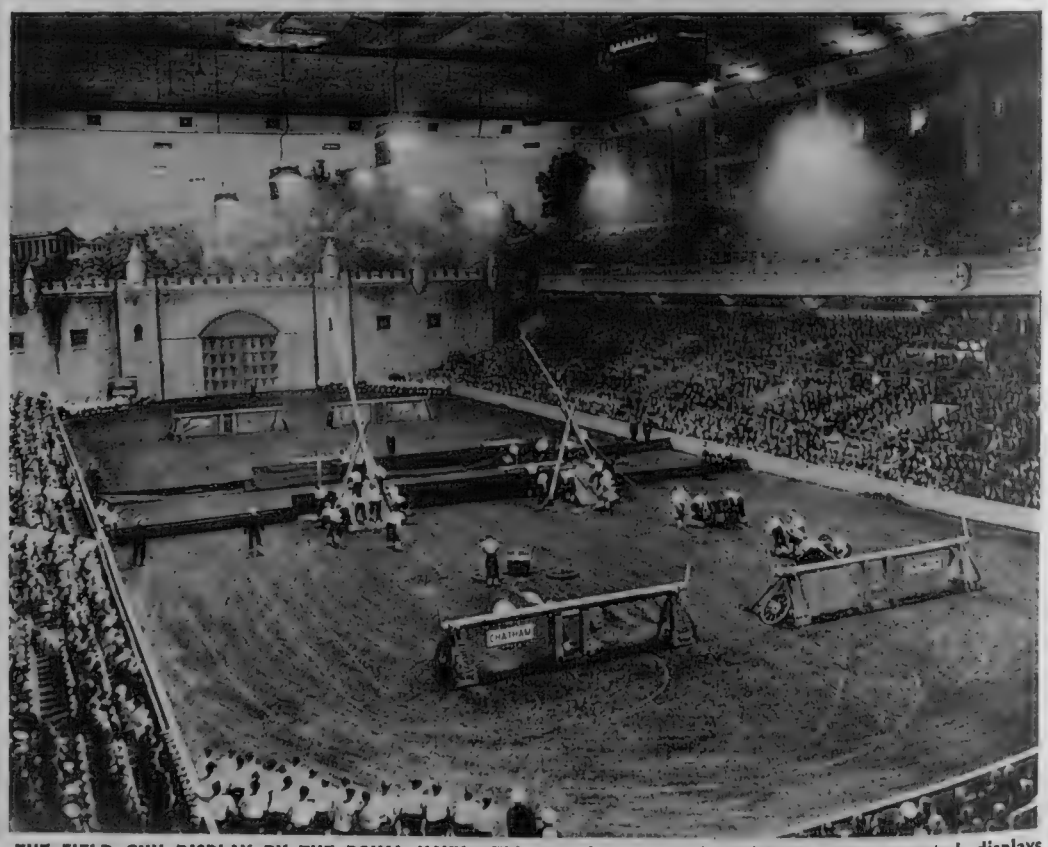
THE NAVY DOES THE HORNPIPE: Boys from H.M.S. *Ganges* delight the crowds with this lively dance. H.M.S. *Ganges* is a shore establishment and trains 2,000 boys each year for the Navy.

THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY LEND THEIR SPLENDOUR TO THE OCCASION: The Musical Ride by members of the Household Cavalry. As well as their State duties, these regiments form armoured car units.



THE WOMEN'S SERVICES PLAY THEIR PART IN THE TOURNAMENT: This is a display of club swinging being given by a team consisting of volunteers from the three Women's Services, the W.R.N.S., the W.R.A.C. and the W.R.A.F. The tournament was opened last week by Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, the First Sea Lord, and it took the pattern which has proved so popular in previous years: displays of historical incidents, drills and precision movements and music by the famous military bands. The mounted displays by the Household Cavalry and the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, were, as was expected, the high spots of the show. The Royal Tournament dates back to the year 1880, when a number of officers of the Volunteers staged a "Grand Military Tournament and Assault-at-Arms" at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, with the two objectives in mind of encouraging skill-at-arms and to raise money for Service charities. The second of these two aims was not realised at the first show, as the promoters lost £500 on the venture, but as the spectacles grew more colourful and caught the imagination of the public, so more money was raised, and in 1952 £50,000 was raised for Service charities. The R.A.F. have in recent years contributed some interesting displays. This year their main one was a demonstration of safety equipment, which included the Martin-Baker ejection seat. In this display a pilot was "fired" from a Meteor fighter by this safety device.

A COLOURFUL AND NOISY DISPLAY BY THE SCOTTISH REGIMENTS: Wearing their brilliant tartan uniforms, drummers and pipers of the Scottish regiments are seen formed up during their display.



THE FIELD GUN DISPLAY BY THE ROYAL NAVY: This popular event vies with the two mounted displays for favourite. The display takes the form of a competition between four crews from Portsmouth, Chatham and Devonport Commands, and has been part of the tournament for fifty years.

The ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON and the ISLAND SAILING CLUB

By UFFA FOX

The following article gives a glimpse into the long history of these two sailing clubs, of the racing held under their burgees and of the yachts which sail there. This week-end the Royal Yacht Squadron organises the races for to-day (Saturday) and the Island Sailing Club organises the Regatta for Sunday.

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON stationed at Cowes, although not the oldest, is acknowledged to be the world's leading sailing club.

Its home, the Cowes Castle, was built by Henry VIII—to my mind, one of the finest Kings we ever had, as he built strong castles wherever needed to resist the attacks of the enemy. In his time we had the strongest Navy and the heaviest armaments ever in our history, compared to that of other nations. Yet, sad to relate, he is only remembered by the multitudes for the number of his wives.

Within a few miles of Cowes he built several castles; on the Isle of Wight there are Sandown Castle, East and West Cowes Castles, and Yarmouth Castle. Within the waters of the Wight, on the English shore, there are Southsea, Netley and Hurst Castles. The East Cowes and Sandown Castles are now no more. All of these castles were much alike in design, consisting of a semi-circular battery.

Indeed, it is from East and West Cowes Castles that the name of Cowes originates, for one was called East Cow and the other West Cow. It is possible they called them cow because the guns (with the slower burning powder) blared instead of banged.

It is interesting to note that all it cost to maintain the West Castle in the time of Queen Elizabeth I (annual expense) was £39 10s. 10d.

THE FAMOUS HOME OF A FAMOUS CLUB—COWES CASTLE, THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: The castle and its semi-circular battery, seen here, although built in the reign of King Henry VIII, are still standing strongly. The Royal Yacht Squadron was founded in 1815, the year of the Battle of Waterloo, and the first meetings were held in the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street. It was first known as "The Yacht Club," but five years later it took the prefix "Royal."

It was Charles II who started the fashion of sailing for pleasure in fairly small sailing vessels. He had learnt the joys of sailing while in the Channel Islands in 1646, when he was some sixteen years of age. At the Restoration in 1660, the Dutch East India Company presented him with a small sailing vessel called *Mary*, 52 ft. in length, so-named after Princess Royal, the widow of William, Prince of Orange, and mother of King William III.

The word "yacht" is derived from the Dutch "Jagt," and it was the Dutch who presented King Charles with a smaller yacht, named *Bezan*, a year later. Then *Jenny* and *Anne* were built by the Admiralty, as recorded in Pepys:

"So to the Globe to dinner, and then with Commissioner Pett to his lodgings there (Deptford) which he hath for the present, while he is building the King's yacht, which will be a pretty thing and much beyond the Dutchman's."—(Pepys, January 13, 1661).

So the sport of yachting and sailing was founded by a King of England and the Kings and Queens of England have taken an interest in sailing ever since.

The Royal Yacht Squadron itself was founded on June 1, 1815, the year of Waterloo, the members

(*Continued on following page*)

THE START OF A RACE FROM THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: This fleet of 6-metre racing yachts is being started by one of the cannons presented by the late King Edward VII, who was Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron from 1901 to 1910. In 1833, King William IV decreed that the title "Royal Yacht Club" should be changed to "The Royal Yacht Squadron." It was another British monarch, Charles II, who started the fashion of sailing for pleasure in small craft.

A MOST POPULAR EVENT IN THE YACHTSMAN'S CALENDAR—THE ANNUAL ROUND-THE-ISLAND RACE: The host of yachts seen here gives a good idea of the immense popularity of this favourite race. There are usually about 100 starters for the race, which was first sailed twenty-four years ago, and there have been 150 yachts of many different types entered.

THE HOME OF THE ISLAND SAILING CLUB: The clubhouse is seen on the extreme left of this picture. Next to it is the Customs House. When the slipways of the club are crowded, the Cowes Council allows the sailing boats to overflow along the sea front, where, being on the starting lines, they need not be launched until just before the races start. They can also be hauled out after the races are over.

YACHTS OF THE X CLASS RACING BEFORE THE WIND: Although this class is some thirty years old, they still have much to recommend them. They are safe, very seaworthy and rarely get into trouble of any kind.

The ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON and the ISLAND SAILING CLUB

(*Continued from previous page*)

meeting at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street. The meeting was presided over by Lord Grantham, and it was decided the club was to consist only of men who were interested in the sailing of yachts at sea.

Its first title was "The Yacht Club," but in 1820 it took the name of "The Royal Yacht Club," the first yacht club in the country to enjoy the privilege of being "Royal."

In 1825 the Earl of Yarborough, Governor of the Isle of Wight, was elected as First Commodore. In 1829 the Admiralty issued a warrant empowering the members to wear the White Ensign of the Royal Navy, for the Royal Yacht Club has always been closely connected with the Royal Navy and its customs. In 1833 King William IV decreed that it should be known as "The Royal Yacht Squadron."

Throughout its history it has been fortunate in its Commodores. The Earl of Wilton, Commodore from 1849 to 1881, was a notable example, and it is through his great wisdom, justice and kindness that we owe a remarkable series of races for what is now known as the "America's Cup." This was a Royal Yacht Squadron cup given for a race round the Isle of Wight in 1851. The first boat home was the *America*. She omitted to go round the Nab, but the owners of the yachts which had raced round the Nab in addition to the Isle of Wight generously refrained, under the guidance of the Commodore, from contesting this point. So the 1851 cup went to America, and in later years became known as "The America's Cup." For a hundred years yachts contesting for this trophy called forth the utmost of designers' and builders' skill.

So, when we watch a regatta from the Royal Yacht Squadron and the race is started by cannon of the finest gun-metal, presented to the club by our late King Edward VII, Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron from 1901 to 1910, our thoughts range from Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, through such monarchs as King Charles II to our present-day Queen. Thoughts come crowding in of fighting the French, of Waterloo, and of the many battles for what is now known as "The America's Cup," and our mind is filled with glories of the past.

Although our present-day yachts are small, the men who sail them are every bit as seamanlike and as skilful as ever—all of which makes us more contented to be part of this country.

Sir Ralph Gore, the present Commodore, is world renowned and, in the past, has proved a master in the art of sailing. He has sailed successfully in the International 18-footers, in 6-metres, and in all classes up to the J Class. As well as being Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, he is the President of the Royal Yachting Association, our national authority.

There are seven races for the June 12 Regatta—the first starting at 1.30 p.m. and the last starting one hour later at 2.30 p.m.: International 8-Metre C/R; International 6-Metre; International 5.5-Metre; International Dragon; National Swallow; Flying Fifteen; and X.O.D.

The following day's regatta by the Island Sailing Club will give races, in addition, for the International One Designs, the International Star class, the Hornets and the Scows.

Founded in 1889, the Island Sailing Club has always been abreast of the times. It was formed to encourage racing in open boats as a nursery for larger sport, and the founders said they felt that "No better nursery could be found than at Cowes, nor a place with more trained nurses at its command." Now, more than sixty years after, the club still continues to foster sailing among the young and has Cadet members and a Junior Committee. Although the majority of the Junior Committee men are grey, they are young in heart.

It also nurses the mature yachtsmen, for, no matter what club holds a regatta, most of the competitors are taken off to their vessels in the Island Sailing Club launch and brought back by the same transport at the end of the day. The Island Sailing Club launch has rescued many people from a capsized boat. The truth of it being that this club, with a membership that will soon reach the 2,000 mark, is almost every yachtsman's second club, for whether his home port is in Scotland, Ireland, Wales or any other part of England, he naturally comes to Cowes fairly frequently throughout his sailing career. So the Island Sailing Club, with its warmth of welcome, its facilities for yachtsmen and annual subscription of only one guinea (still unchanged throughout its history), naturally becomes most yachtsmen's second club.

The early history of the famous International 14-ft. class was largely written by the Island Sailing Club, as the difficult sailing at Cowes bred first-rate helmsmen who made their mark wherever they went.

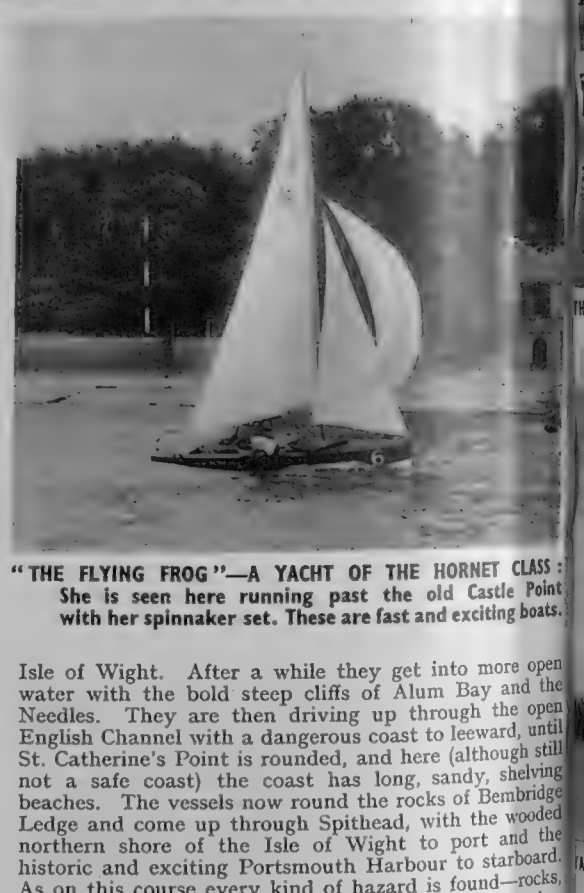
As well as small boats, the club has encouraged cruiser racing as few other clubs have done. Its annual Round-the-Island Race has become a classic which everyone looks forward to—for although sometimes this is a pleasant and delightful sail, at other times it is a stern and stirring battle with wind and wave. It was first started twenty-four years ago, and there have been as many as 150 starters in this race. The first part of this race takes the vessels between the New Forest on the Hampshire shore and the well-wooded shores of the Isle of Wight. After a while they get into more open water with the bold steep cliffs of Alum Bay and the Needles. They are then driving up through the open English Channel with a dangerous coast to leeward, until St. Catherine's Point is rounded, and here (although still not a safe coast) the coast has long, sandy, shelving beaches. The vessels now round the rocks of Bembridge Ledge and come up through Spithead, with the wooded northern shore of the Isle of Wight to port and the historic and exciting Portsmouth Harbour to starboard. As on this course every kind of hazard is found—rocks, mud, shingle, sand, dangerous cliffs and sandy beaches—it is full of interest and the race will endure for all time.

Other clubs have copied this race, but lack such a marvellous starting and finishing place as Cowes.

To-day the Island Sailing Club is as alive as ever to the changing world, and was one of the first clubs to encourage lady members, but they are fortunate in that they are not balloted for but are made members at the invitation of the Committee.

The club has had a long line of seaworthy Commodores, and Chris Ratsey, the present Commodore, has raced in every kind of craft from the large J boats down to the smallest centreboard boats. He flies his Commodore's flag on board his 20-ton *Fife Cutter*, which has taken part in the Fastnet and many other races fostered by the Royal Ocean Racing Club.

The two regattas are for the Solent Classes Racing Association craft, and by mid-June most of these have been sailing long enough to have their rigging settled



"THE FLYING FROG"—A YACHT OF THE HORNET CLASS: She is seen here running past the old Castle Point with her spinnaker set. These are fast and exciting boats.

THE LITTLE SCOWS CROWD TOGETHER FOR THE START OF A RACE: These yachts are much used for teaching children to sail, and because they race at such close quarters they are ideal for teaching the youngsters the intricacies of sailing and seamanship.

YACHTS OF THE SWALLOW CLASS FLYING OVER AND THROUGH THE WAVE TOPS: These yachts are seen chasing away before the wind. It is hard work sailing such ships as these, but when the yacht and the crew have settled down, they are a joy to behold.

AN 8-METRE CRUISER RACER BEING DRIVEN AT TOP SPEED: *Josephine IV* (nearer the camera) is seen racing against *Evenlode* with her mainsail and spinnaker pulling hard. Although fast, these yachts look most sedate when sailing.

down, their sails stretched and their helmsmen and crew to have reached the peak of perfection. Everything is more zestful, for the vessels are travelling faster and are handled with more precision. Those racing have settled down to their work, and so they are happier. The critical spectator (because of all this perfection in sailing) enjoys the spectacle far more.

The cruising 8-metres fill the eye with joy as they make their sedate and swift way round the course. The 5-metres thundering to windward are full of life and vim. The speed of the 5.5's off the wind delights the eye, while the fleet of International Dragons, continually changing places as they interlace among each other the whole way round the course, make a splendid sight.

The International One Design Class, although fairly easy to sail, work quite comfortably and seamanlike as they sail round the course. The National Swallows, although hard work, are a joy to behold.

Then the Flying Fifteens sparkle with their speed off the wind and bring glee into the hearts of those sailing and watching, with their terrific dash off the wind.

The X.O.D.'s look so comfortable and easy to sail, until one gets in them and tries to win—for even in these sturdy little ships the competition is as keen as any other class, and it is most difficult to get into the lead and stay there.

The International Stars are, generally speaking, over-canvassed for the blustery winds on a typical Solent day, but they have the advantage (with their enormous sail spread) over all the other craft, in the very light airs, of travelling faster when most others are hardly moving.

Hornets, with their single sliding seats, are fast and exciting boats, and it is just as well that both the helmsman and crew wear lifebelts, for all who have sailed sliding-seat canoes know full well that when we are fully extended on the end of the slide, we are driving along to the public danger. The least mistake when fully extended means a capsize. Without doubt, all those steering and crewing in the Hornets have all the excitement of living dangerously.

Finally, the little Scows, with their snug gunter rig, an unchanged class for more years than we care to remember, still continue to plod and bob round the course and teach the young the rules of the road at sea, the art of seamanship and the joy of sailing.

So this week-end in June, one-third through the sailing season, is crammed full of fun and interest for all. It is also a comforting thought that all the while these people are sailing and enjoying themselves, they are learning seamanship, and this knowledge will always stand this country in good stead, for we depend far more on the sea and seamen than the unthinking man realises.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A NEWS SURVEY OF EVENTS IN LONDON AND THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

THE BOARD OF TRADE CHOIR SING IN THE HISTORIC WESTMINSTER HALL : The choir, under the direction of Mr. Charles Farncombe, is seen singing before members of the public. This Whitsuntide Recital of motets was a follow-up to a similar one given at Christmas, and many of the items performed were chosen because they symbolised the safe return of the Queen from her Commonwealth Tour. Although recitals in the Hall, which makes a splendid auditorium, are now authorised, very few choirs are making use of it.

LISTENING TO THE BAND ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : City workers are seen during their lunch-hour listening to music played by the band of Her Majesty's Irish Guards in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. This is one of the summer attractions which have been drawing crowds in several parts of London. Other well-known military and civilian bands have played in the new gaily-painted bandstand in the Embankment Gardens, near Charing Cross Station.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE BAND PLAY IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS : This is not a regular event, but was held to commemorate the planting of a tree by the Mayor of Ottawa in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This tree was planted to mark the fact that the R.C.A.F. had their headquarters in the Fields during the war.

On left—
AN ANCIENT RURAL CRAFT IS STILL PRACTISED IN ESSEX : Mr. C. Green, of Finchingfield, is seen at work on the roof of an old cottage at Bardfield, in Essex. He is fixing the wire netting, which is essential to protect the thatch from birds, who use the straw to build nests. Thatching as a craft is dying out, but is still practised in some places.

On right—
A CLOSE-UP OF MR. GREEN AT WORK : This picture shows one of the primitive tools used in thatching.

TWO PICTURESQUE HAMPSTEAD HOUSES WHICH HAVE RECENTLY BEEN RESTORED: Above is a view of Heath House, and, *on right*, the attractive Heath End House. These two eighteenth-century houses are among a number which, being bombed during the war, have only just been repaired. Heath House is at the junction of North End Way and Spaniards Road, and during the war caught the full blast of a bomb which fell near by. Heath End House was similarly damaged, and has now been converted into three houses.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE BATH AND WEST AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT EXETER: A general view of the machinery section at the show. It was foretold earlier this year that agricultural shows would provide the best exhibitions of livestock seen for some time, and the Bath Show has proved this theory to be correct. The entries were numerous and stock, especially in the cattle classes, showed a steady improvement on previous years.

BLESSING THE SEA AT HASTINGS: The Rector of All Saints Church, Hastings, the Rev. T. G. Savins, and the Rector of St. Clements, the Rev. J. L. Napier (wearing the dark cloak), are seen during the Rogationtide ceremony, performed on board the lifeboat, which has been specially drawn out for the purpose. This was the first time that a combined service by the two churches had been held.

A NEW USE FOR SPORTING TROPHIES: Lieut.-Colonel W. V. L. Prescott-Westcar is seen outside his bungalow on the Canterbury Road, near Sandwich, in Kent, and on the gable are the trophies of many years spent in big-game hunting. His trophies were hung in his spacious home, St. Bart's House, in Sandwich, but when he decided to build the bungalow and live there, he was confronted with the problem of what to do with his prizes. He finally decided that they should be hung on the gable ends.

THE EXPENSIVE BUSINESS OF FEEDING ELEPHANTS: Rusty, one of the elephants at the London Zoo, is seen being fed by a keeper. On the wall beside her is the rest of the food which she will consume during the meal. It includes, among other items, 22 gallons of water, 1 truss of hay, 12 lb. of cabbages, 14 lb. of potatoes, a bucketful of locust beans and many biscuits.

A THEATRICAL DOUBLE JUBILEE

Dame Sybil Thorndike and the R.A.D.A. Share a Golden Jubilee at Her Majesty's; the Stratford Company Presents "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Memorial Theatre

THE QUEEN MOTHER MEETS DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE: Last week the Queen Mother attended a star-studded matinee at Her Majesty's to celebrate a double jubilee: the fiftieth anniversary upon the stage of Dame Sybil Thorndike and the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. All the leading actors of the West End stage gave their services. There were four main contributions—extracts from *A Winter's Tale*, *The School for Scandal*, Clemence Dane's *The Lion and the Unicorn* and *An Ideal Husband*. Dame Edith Evans spoke a prologue specially written by Sir Alan Herbert; Sir Laurence Olivier the epilogue from *Henry VIII*.

On right—

THE SHREW AS YET UNTAMED: Katharina sinks her teeth into Petruchio's wrist. This was a vigorous performance of a play whose vigorous verse demands no great subtleties from its actors. The Stratford company rose to the occasion and, under George Devine's direction, bustled through the play with great verve.

ENGLISH BALLET STARS LEAVE FOR YUGOSLAVIA: Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes are seen at Covent Garden Theatre just before they left to take guest parts in three special performances of *Swan Lake* with the Yugoslav National Ballet in Belgrade. There they danced before a tremendously enthusiastic audience; all 900 seats of the National Theatre had been sold and several hundred more people paid to stand at the back of the circle, stalls and boxes. Belgrade ballet-goers of long standing could not remember foreign artists ever being hailed in the city with such acclaim. Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes were supported by a very promising Yugoslav dancer, Dusko Trnicic. President Tito missed the performance, having left for his official visit to Greece earlier in the day.

THE SHREW IS CARRIED OFF: Keith Michell as Petruchio and Barbara Jefford as Katharina in a scene from *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. This latest addition to Stratford's repertory won more praise from the critics than the previous plays of this season. The young cast enter into it with gusto and their speaking of verse, which has not been of a high standard, is relatively unimportant in this not so poetic farce of Shakespeare's. Mr. George Devine, the producer, took certain pardonable liberties with the text—which, incidentally, have been taken before—in that he introduced parts of an anonymous quarto of *The Taming of the Shrew* to cover up some of the crudities in the play's construction. Keith Michell plays Petruchio, the man who falls in love at first sight with the shrew Katharina and, having married her, deals with her after her own shrewish fashion until she succumbs, tamed beyond endurance; he brings to the part the braggadocio of the late Douglas Fairbanks and a romanticism of his own that is not above laughing at itself. Miss Barbara Jefford ably supports him as Katharina and Muriel Pavlow brings a welcome coolness to the part of Bianca.

On left—

THE FINAL SCENE: In this last scene of *The Taming of the Shrew* Katharina, the reformed shrew, is seen standing to the right of the table. She makes, to the general astonishment, her famous speech on marriage: ". . . . Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, thy head, thy sovereign . . ."—possibly the most renowned piece of masculine propaganda in English literature.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S GREAT WORK, "THE LAST SUPPER," AS IT APPEARED AFTER RESTORATION: This painstaking task, which took seven years to complete, was performed by Professor M. Pelliccioli, the Director of the Brera School of Restoration. It was claimed, two years ago, by an expert that the representation of Thaddeus (second from right) is a self-portrait of Leonardo.

"THE LAST SUPPER"

A Masterpiece Restored

A Modest Italian Professor Succeeds in Saving Leonardo Da Vinci's Masterpiece from Decay

The official ceremony of consecrating "The Last Supper" after its restoration coincided, appropriately enough, with the closing of the quincentenary celebrations for the painter. The painting had been steadily deteriorating during the course of four centuries, but this process was greatly accelerated when, in August 1943, the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan was bombed. Although precautions were taken, they did not prove sufficient, and in 1946 Leonardo's painting was fading fast under a layer of mildew, and paint was flaking off.

It was first thought that the best plan would be to remove the wall on which the picture was painted, but Professor Mauro Pelliccioli maintained that, given time, he could save the painting *in situ*, and he was accordingly entrusted with the task. As Leonardo took his time over painting "The Last Supper," sometimes spending hours before the picture without touching it, so Professor Pelliccioli carried out the great work which was to take him seven years to complete.

Before starting on his work of restoration, Professor Pelliccioli took steps to ensure that the rapid decay then taking place would not continue during his task. First, the heating system of the wall, which was devised by Cavenaghi in 1908, was made to function again, and then the Professor installed a number of hygrometers about the Refectory, so that he would be warned if the atmosphere was becoming too dry or too damp.

The operation itself was performed in two stages; first, the flaking pieces of paint were secured to the wall by a special adhesive and the surface cleaned; then, when the first stage proved to be successful, Pelliccioli began to remove not only the glues and varnishes used by previous restorers, but also some of their paint work. In some places as many as five layers of paint and glue, superimposed at different times, were found.

While he was at work on the painting, some authorities expressed fear that in his endeavour to uncover the original work of the master he might destroy what did remain, and the representative of the Rome Central Institute of Restoration withdrew from the supervisory Commission by way of protest. These fears, however, as the results have shown, were quite unfounded.

Being a true craftsman, Professor Pelliccioli did not rely on such scientific aid as heat rays, violet rays and laboratory tests, and his tools were a small chisel, about the size of a penknife, and some turpentine. He relied almost entirely on his extraordinary gift of sensing what is below a layer of paint, and also on his great knowledge of the techniques used by painters of many different periods.

The results achieved by these somewhat primitive methods have, however, met with praise and admiration from authorities all over the world. In many places the painting has acquired a new vividness and revealed fresh colours, and although what has been lost through the centuries can never be regained, the painting now must be much closer to the original than it was in the days before the war.

Above—THE REFECTORY OF SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE SEEN AFTER BOMBING: *Below*—Two bearded monks in the restored refectory look up at a hygrometer installed to ensure that the humidity is correct for the painting.

MAURO PELLICCIOLI AT WORK ON HIS HISTORIC TASK: Despite his accomplishment, Pelliccioli is modest about his achievement and has refused a Government royalty.

AN ANCIENT BARN DOOMED

The Medieval Tithe Barn at Patcham, the Largest in Sussex, is Threatened with Demolition Because of the Prohibitive Cost of Restoring it

THE OLD TITHE BARN AT PATCHAM COURT FARM, SUSSEX, NOW THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION: Although the barn is scheduled by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, the cost of restoration is prohibitive.

A FLINT DOVECOT NEAR PATCHAM TITHE BARN: This ancient dovecot, probably even older than the barn, has 550 nesting-boxes and was recently presented to Brighton Corporation by a builder who had bought land near the farmhouse. This building will remain.

The ancient tithe barn at Patcham Court Farm, Sussex, said to be the largest in Sussex, possibly the largest in the South of England, may shortly be demolished, despite the fact that the Ministry of Housing and Local Government have listed it as a building of historic interest. Its age is uncertain, though it is generally accepted as having been built by monks in the Middle Ages. Whoever built it, built it to last. It has a high-pitched roof supported by massive oak uprights and beams, for which a former owner was offered £1,000 as the value of the timber alone.

The barn, now roofed over with slate, is approximately 285 ft. long. It stands alongside the village church of All Saints, up the hill a little to the east of the main London-Brighton road. The barn is now used as a cowshed, with stalls for ninety cows, and is in a sorry state of repair. So are the adjacent farm buildings, principal of which is the small but picturesque Manor House. It is estimated that any prospective purchaser would need to spend about £3,000 to put them in a decent state of repair. A similar sum would need to be spent on the barn itself. Near these buildings is another ancient relic—a massive, heavily buttressed, flint dovecot containing 550 nesting-boxes—which is thought to be even more ancient than the barn. The preservation of this relic is, however, more or less assured; a builder who acquired land to the west of the farmhouse has presented it to Brighton Corporation.

The farmhouse, together with the barn, was recently acquired by the Corporation, under a compulsory purchase order, in order to protect the water supply; the Waterworks Committee recommended that all the farm buildings to the north and north-west of the church be demolished and the site be developed for building purposes.

The Corporation are asking the Ministry to release the buildings from the restrictions aimed at preserving them so that they can carry out their development plans, and not be saddled with the expensive restoration of these ancient buildings.

COWS ENTER THE TITHE BARN FOR MILKING: The barn is now a cowshed, with stalls for ninety cows. It was built by monks at an unknown date as a granary.

THE INTERIOR OF THE BARN: This view shows the high-pitched roof, at present roofed with slate, supported by massive oak uprights and beams. The wood has stood up to the ravages of time so sturdily that a former owner was once offered £1,000 for the roof's timbers. This huge barn is approximately 285 ft. long.

THE GLORY OF SHEFFIELD PARK

The Sussex Beauty Spot where the Gardens May Become the Property of the Nation

Sheffield Park Gardens, which form part of the magnificent estate of the former seat of the Earl of Sheffield, a short distance from the Sussex village of Fletching, may soon be handed over to the nation. The National Trust, which has an option on the purchase of the Gardens, is trying to raise sufficient money in order to close the deal by June 24. The Trust can use a special fund for the purchase money but it is not yet in a position to cover the whole of the annual deficit on maintaining the Gardens, estimated at £1,000. Local authorities in Sussex have undertaken to contribute annual grants for limited periods amounting to £695, while from other sources, including appeals in the Press and the journal of the Royal Horticultural Society, the Trust has received contributions which will bring in approximately £105 a year. A further £200 a year, or a capital sum of about £4,600, is therefore needed before the preservation of the Gardens can be assured.

The Ashdale Land Company, the present owners of Sheffield Park Gardens, allowed the Trust to open the area to the public over the whole of the Whitsun holiday and in the two succeeding weeks on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. The charge for admission is 2s. (and this includes a car-parking fee) and there is a collecting-box for donations. The Gardens are now in their full glory, and the organisers of the appeal are confident that they will receive sufficient support in their venture.

Sheffield Park lies about eight miles south of Forest Row, and the entrance to the Gardens is at West Lodge on A 275, half a mile south of the Sheffield Arms Hotel. For those travelling by bus, services from Haywards Heath and in the reverse direction Uckfield, both pass the Sheffield Arms.

THE FORMER SEAT OF THE EARL OF SHEFFIELD, WHICH IS SITUATED IN PLEASANT WOODED COUNTRY ABOUT HALF A MILE WEST OF THE SUSSEX VILLAGE OF FLETCHING: Sheffield Park Gardens, which were open to the public during the Whitsun holiday, may now become the property of the nation if the National Trust can raise sufficient money to cover the whole of the annual deficit on maintaining the gardens, estimated at £1,000. The Trust has an option on the purchase of the gardens, but this expires on June 24.

On left—

LOOKING ACROSS THE LOWER LAKE IN SHEFFIELD PARK: It will be noticed that the trees and bushes reach right down to the water's edge.

THE UPPER LAKE IN SHEFFIELD PARK: This is a view looking towards the ornamental stone bridge. *On right*—A rhododendron bush seen in full bloom on the banks of the middle lake. Although the gardens have often been opened in previous years in aid of the Queen's Institute, only Fletching people have been allowed to drive through the thickly-wooded park. The gardens will now be open to the public today (Saturday); tomorrow; Wednesday and next week-end.

A QUIET RETREAT IN THE SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE NEAR ASHDOWN FOREST: This picture shows the middle lake of Sheffield Park, which is divided from the upper lake by a small bridge.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYS IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND

Aberdeen and its Neighbouring Countryside; the Mourne Mountains, Famed in Song and Legend; and Galway and its County

By GORDON COOPER

THE famous tour which Dr. Johnson made in 1773 led him first from Edinburgh to Aberdeen and the north-east corner of Scotland before he proceeded on to the West Coast and the Hebrides. Apart from the fact, according to Boswell, that he was "disgusted by the sight of broiled haddocks," although he made up for this peculiar defect by eating "several platefuls of Scotch broth, and seemed very fond of the dish," he thoroughly enjoyed this initial stage of his journey. Nor was his delight derived primarily from the scenery he saw; in fact, it is doubtful whether he was much interested in this side of travelling. Far more to his liking were the people he met and got to know—that elusive essence, indeed, which many tourists do not value sufficiently, but which is, in truth, as appealing a factor as any.

A STRETCH OF THE RIVER DEE AS IT WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH PICTURESQUE COUNTRYSIDE: In his article, Gordon Cooper writes about Aberdeen and the Dee Valley, saying that the "Silver City with the Golden Sands" is an admirable excursion centre.

It is often the case, then, that the thing which most distinguishes one place from another is the character and individuality of the people one meets when on holiday. I claim, too, that in this respect no part of Scotland is more arresting than Aberdeen and its neighbouring countryside. You feel, indeed, from the moment of your arrival, that the inhabitants are strikingly sure of their Scottishness, and are not putting on an act. So, if you want to see the real Scot—industrious, thrifty, determined, dour, pawky, humorous, independent and conservative as becomes his breed and heritage—go to Aberdeenshire. They still make Scotsmen there, authentic Scotsmen.

Of Aberdeen itself, "This silver city with the golden sands" say the guide-books, the most striking impression the newcomer gets is of great civic pride. You see it in the cleanliness of the streets, the well-tended garden patches of the homes, the fine parks, the striking public buildings, the excellent Art Gallery, the lovely King's College, and, above all, in the unforced kindliness of the people themselves to strangers. You feel, in fact, utterly at home in this most delightful city; while you also get the same impression in the other towns of this area, such as Banff and Elgin.

I think, too, that special mention should be made of the meals, which are generally excellent. I know that in the Station Hotel in Aberdeen—run, by the way, by the often-maligned British Railways—I enjoyed as Lucullan a repast as I have had anywhere in Europe. There was Scotch broth, that would have mightily pleased Dr. Johnson, freshly-caught grilled salmon, and a sweet—and I got change out of a sovereign. As for the breakfasts and teas, I realise what I have lost by deserting my native land! Although, travelling by air, one can breakfast in London and reach Aberdeen in good time for lunch.

But what is there to see, you may ask. In Aberdeen, there is the pinnacled splendour of Marischal College; the quiet dignity of King's College in Old Aberdeen, with its lovely Crown Tower built in 1500; and the latter's chapel, richly decorated, with carved oak screen and canopied stalls, in which Cromwell is said to have stabled his horse; nor should King's College Library be missed, where I saw a very fine collection of Spanish books. Not far from this College is the Cathedral Church of St. Machar, with its stalwart twin towers. Begun in 1378 and completed in 1552, the cathedral, although restored to some extent, is one of the most interesting and picturesque examples of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland.

Half a mile from the Cathedral is the Brig o' Balgownie, believed to have been built about 1320 to the orders of Robert the Bruce, and one of the most beautiful bridges in the country. It consists of a single Gothic arch implanted on rock.

Particularly interesting is Provost Skene's House, erected in the sixteenth century. Its exterior presents several features characteristic of Scottish domestic architecture of the period, while the most striking room in the interior is the painted Gallery with its remarkable board-paintings (seventeenth century), unique of their kind and with a strong devotional emphasis. Nor should the Aberdeen Art Gallery be missed, for it contains—thanks to the terms of a wise bequest—an outstanding collection of pictures by modern artists and some fine Epstein bronzes.

One of Britain's finest indoor swimming baths, an early morning visit to the fish market, a multitude of statues, the circulation of silver threepenny bits, and a clutter of pawnshops, significantly facing Marischal College, might all be termed "minor sights." While another interesting "discovery" I made was the fact that the Aberdonian has not *always* been famous for his thrift. In fact, in the early years of the nineteenth century the city actually went bankrupt, and it was only the enforced necessity for simple living which established an Aberdonian tradition of carefulness in expenditure—a tradition which has been warped into jests and added to the gaiety of nations, but which, as regards alleged meanness, falls down at the first reasonable test.

As an excursion centre, Aberdeen is admirable. First and foremost is lovely Deeside and Balmoral, the Highland home of our Royal Family. The grounds of this estate are open to the public when the Family is not in residence, but never the interior of the house. The stretch of country between Ballater and Braemar has outstanding scenic magnificence, with an impressive view of the Cairngorms. Both places are pleasant for a stay, although they tend to get fashionably overcrowded in the summer season. Should you contemplate a visit, I suggest you take care to select an hotel which does not cater over-much for passing coach-excursionists. I can personally confirm the two Ashley Courtenay recommendations: the Invercauld Arms at Braemar, and the Loirston (unlicensed) at Ballater. Both are run by the Lamond family.

Further down the Dee Valley are Aboyne and Banchory, both popular resorts, but lacking the striking mountain beauty of the upper reaches. Near the latter town is Crathes Castle, one of the finest specimens of Scottish baronial architecture and unique by reason of the large amount of original interior decorations and furnishings which it contains. The policies surrounding the castle are unrivalled for beauty on Deeside, and the garden is famous for its remarkable collection of British and foreign shrubs and hardy flowers. Both gardens and house are open to the public at certain times.

The coastline of north-east Scotland is not particularly attractive, although golfers will find the courses at Balgownie (near Aberdeen), Cruden Bay and Lossiemouth to be of outstanding quality. Of the several fishing ports, Macduff alone impressed me with the desire for a stay, and its Bayview Hotel is pleasantly situated. Lossiemouth, however, is well-suited for a family holiday.

Close to the coast is Elgin, one of the handsomest towns in Scotland, while it also enjoys a remarkably mild climate. Its ruined cathedral, known as "The Lanthorn of the North," was founded in 1224 and still shows that it was a building of outstanding Gothic architecture. The local guardian pointed out to me a recently discovered Flood Stone, which he affirmed was 13,000 years old! Actually, it dates back 1600 years.

The near-by "Gordon Country," with its moors and fir trees and turbulent rivers, is full of the glamour of Scotland and has many links with the past. Fochabers and Huntly are two agreeable centres, especially for anglers. A striking peculiarity of this part of the country is the Buchan dialect which I found t[o] quite unintelligible. In fact, at first, I imagined I [was] listening to some remote foreigners. But it [was] all exciting music to my ears, for I knew I [was] "amang my ain folk." No old-time member o[f] 51st Highland Division could feel otherwise.

My remarks about Irish holidays must be [brief]. In Ulster I take you to the Mourne Mountains, [famed] in song and legend. Newcastle is the best place [from] which to explore them, but you must do so on[foot] to get anything like the proper appreciation of [them], for there is only one road that runs across the [range]. The mountains, indeed, are very lonely and a[re] entirely uninhabited, so you need a good map [and] should possess some experience of this kind of wa[lking]. Many of the mountain summits are jagged, [Slieve] Bernagh and Slieve Bignian offering the most re[warding] climbs. The shape of the Mournes, howe[ver], such that you can spend a week tramping them w[ithout] retracing your steps, and with a constant cha[nge] breath-taking views.

Further south, in Eire, I always think nostalg[ically] of Galway and its county. [The] town itself is the drowsiest, [most] magical, and most Irish in the cou[ntry]. At one time it was the principal [port] on the west coast of Europe, and [there] are still to be seen many tra[ces] of its long and chequered history. T[hey] are the doorways with their [carved] escutcheons, carved in stone, belo[nging] to this or that one of the thir[teen] "tribes"—Blakes, Lynches, Bod[kins], Skirrans, Kirwans, and the rest—n[ames] which to-day sound Irish of the Irish, yet which in truth belonged to English settlers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who established here a flourishing merchant community.

DUBLIN'S RIVER, WHICH AFTER PASSING THROUGH THE CITY FLOWS INTO DUBLIN BAY: A view of the Liffey, showing in the background two of the city's nine bridges. The river, which is 50 miles long, rises in the mountains of Wicklow.

From Galway you are within easy reach by steamer of the romantic Aran Islands, with their sturdy and typical inhabitants, and the best-flavoured mutton in the world. Then, to the west, on the mainland, there is the north side of Galway Bay, where there is beauty on every side. An excellent centre is Carna, which lies in the wildest part of Connemara. I still remember it for its hotel, recommended to me by an Irish priest, invariably a sure judge, where I fared as well as anywhere in the country. Here, too, you can learn much about Irish folk-lore and see the true indigenous Irish life.

SIX OF THE LATEST TRAVEL BOOKS

Gordon Cooper, who is well known to SPHERE readers by his fortnightly travel articles, has just completed three more additions to the "Your Holiday" Series, published by Alvin Redman at 9s. 6d. each. They are YOUR HOLIDAY IN GERMANY; YOUR HOLIDAY IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, and (in conjunction with Ernest Welsman) YOUR HOLIDAY IN EUROPE. The last two are new and completely revised editions of earlier volumes.

Ernest Welsman has also written YOUR HOLIDAY IN YUGOSLAVIA (Alvin Redman. 9s. 6d.). Two other books dealing with the same country are INTRODUCING YUGOSLAVIA (Methuen. 18s.), by Lovett F. Edwards, and YUGOSLAVIA INVITES (Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.), by Monica Krippner.

All six books are well illustrated, and the authors provide much valuable information for would-be holiday-makers.

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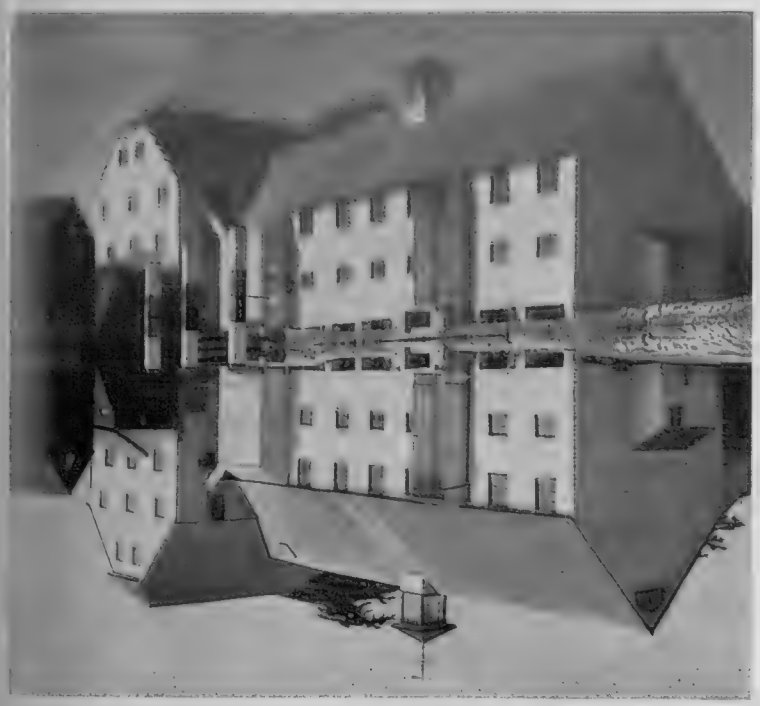

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Yes, the picture *is* upside-down: the differences between reality and reflections may appear small, but they are there—as are the fundamental differences between all the various regions of Britain. The importance of these local characteristics is recognised by Barclays Bank, for a first-class banking service must be adaptable to suit everyone's needs. The Bank's branches are under the immediate control of Local Head Offices, each with its own Local Directors, many of whom are descendants of the old country bankers. Their special knowledge and associations help to ensure that the Barclays services come up to customers' expectations wherever they may be.

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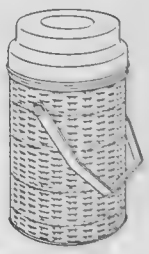

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A GALAXY OF GOVERNESSES

Miss Bea Howe's Book of the English Governess at Home and Abroad is as Instructive as it is Absorbing

ALTHOUGH she has inspired one of the most famous novels in the English language, the English governess, with her modesty, fortitude and equal insistence on the propriety of being a patriot and of washing the hands before meals, has not often been the subject of a book of serious research. And what a rewarding subject she is can clearly be seen in Miss Bea Howe's very entertaining book, A GALAXY OF GOVERNESSES (Verschoyle. 15s.), which, appropriately, is as instructive as it is absorbing.

The heyday of the governess was, of course, the nineteenth century, before the days of well-organised girls' schools, though, possibly, heyday is too boisterous a word for an existence that was passed in uneasy suspension between the drawing-room on one hand, and the servants' quarters on the other, with a precarious and usually uncomfortable haven only in the schoolroom. In spite of these material and social drawbacks, however, that century produced some memorable types of the *genus*, and I thought that that part of Miss Howe's work in which she treats of The English Governess Abroad, contained some characters who were, paradoxically, fantastic in a perfectly respectable way.

Claire Clairmont was, for instance, a governess for one of the quieter periods of her life; Miss Crawford was the governess who innocently waited outside the fan-maker's shop while her pupil, Marie Vetsera, left through another entrance to keep her last *rendezvous* with Rudolf at Mayerling; Anna Leonowens, as we all know, tamed the King of Siam, and in 1937, in Tiflis, Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean has told how he was amazed to find a Miss Fellows, "small, white-haired and alert, rather like a Scotch terrier," governess to the same Russian family since 1912, the survivor of wars and revolutions, and still indomitably, and authoritatively telling the current child: "It 's time you were in bed, Tommy." A really heavenly book, which may not make one want to be a governess, but which does give one fresh pride in being English.

Miss Ruth McKenney, author of *My Sister Eileen*, went not long ago from Connecticut to Brussels with her husband, her two young sons and her very small daughter, and in a cosy, funny book describes some of the vicissitudes of their life there, including their relations with the governess-linguist-social-arbiter, who was so important to them. FAR, FAR FROM HOME (Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.) makes delightful reading of that satisfying kind (human nature being what it is) in which other people describe with a good deal of humour the terrible fixes they got into, and out of again, while the reader laughs away happily, knowing that *he* won't be called on to kill the yard long rat in the larder, or mend the flaming fuses or explain to sixteen sets of affronted parents that a briskly worded invitation to a children's party is not a Nazi proclamation to the conquered populace, but written in that way because they don't speak the language very well.

COUSIN JAN (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.) is a story of family life that has already had a broadcast success, and that tells of a Dutch grandmother who invites her four children, with *their* children, to come home to Amsterdam. The nine boys and girls are French, Dutch, German and English, and it is Cousin Jan, the German boy, who emerges as the leader of the little group, and the grandmother, the beloved Oma, whose strength of affection keeps them all unified. Mrs. Antonia Ridge has written, with good humour rather than wit, and with a very nice sense of family, a thoroughly likeable book.

A SCULPTOR PAINTS HIS CARAVAN IN READINESS FOR THE HOLIDAYS: Mr. Wilfred Dudeney, the sculptor, is seen painting the nineteenth-century Romany caravan in the traditional colours of green, gold, yellow and white, in the gardens of his studio at Putney. He bought the caravan eight years ago, and since that time he and his family have spent holidays in it at a site near the river at Staines.

It is interesting to read more books on the M.C.C.'s Caribbean tour and to note that they are competitive without being mutually exclusive. Mr. E. W. Stanton is cricket correspondent of a big London daily, and as such covered the matches in the West Indies, that were to provide so much controversy. WEST INDIAN ADVENTURE (Museum Press. 9s. 6d.), however, dwells less with the heated moments than with the technique of the game which, as a first-class player himself, the author is well qualified to judge. Incidentally, some of the action photographs here are as good as I have ever seen in a chronicle of cricket.

GODS OR FLANNELLED FOOLS (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.) is the flamboyant title of an excellent book of cricket reminiscences and personalities by Mr. Keith Miller and Mr. R. S. Whitington, Australian all-rounder and Australian sporting writer, who have collaborated in this way before with some success. In the present book they write of the last series of Tests, of the early training of cricketers, and of C. B. Fry, Victor Richardson and "Plum" Warner, whom they have chosen as their "Trinity of 'Gods.'" The style is chatty, tough and provocative, a good mixture, as it turns out.

PLAYING TO WIN (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is the nonsense title of Mr. Trevor Bailey's book on the last Test; the West Indian tour; next winter's M.C.C. tour of Australia, and such allied subjects as reporting by Press, radio and television. More noteworthy than all this, however, is Mr. Bailey's explanation of the practical philosophy which helped so much in the winning back of the Ashes last summer.

Once in a while, the reader comes across a book which seems to him to be the last, masterly word on a subject, the full, complete and definitive exposition of it. Such a book to me, is Mr. Alan Villiers' THE WAY OF A SHIP (Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.), which is the story of the glory and death of the square-rigged Cape Horner, but, much more than that, is the story of sail in its last great days and its decline. It would have been difficult to find anyone better suited than Mr. Villiers to write a book like this; even impossible. It has all the makings of a classic, and the illustrations are admirable.

The novels this week are diverse enough and, in some instances, remarkable enough to be an answer to any doubts of the vitality of contemporary writing. First of all, Mr. Dan Cushman's hilarious story STAY AWAY, JOE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), which is about the beautiful state of Montana, at one remove and, in very close focus, about the Red Indians living there on their Reserves. It is lusty, it is often very funny indeed, and it is packed and bursting with life, whether as demonstrated by bucking broncos and superb riding, or manhungry girls, or hundred-year-old chiefs, or recalcitrant squaws, or the Indian generality who don't think that a party is worth throwing unless it goes on for three nights and days. And the strange thing is that you like everybody in the book, even that terrible braggart, good-for-nothing Joe.

For contrast, and the word is an understatement, is Mrs. Penelope Mortimer's A VILLA IN SUMMER (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), which is all about a young English couple and their children, loving, impractical, easily defeated by domestic problems, and at the same time sensitive and mildly sensual. The ill-equipped cottage in the Home Counties is a masterpiece of description, or, rather, of implication, and so are the very mixed bag of locals at the local. Perversely, one cannot like all these characters, perhaps just because of their familiarity, but the talent of their chronicler is clear enough, and the book a real feast for a first novel.

UNDER THE NET (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) is a first novel, too, by Miss Iris Murdoch, and it is quite evidently the work of a new writer of considerable importance, Miss Murdoch's writing has, for instance, one quality that is very rare among women novelists, an enormous comic gusto, that has no exact relation to the wit of epigrams or the comfortable humour of odd situations patiently or furiously endured, or to good stories cleverly retailed. It is, in fact, on an entirely different scale from all these, and therefore to come across it with little or no preparation can be a disconcerting experience. The people she has written about here are all, more or less, intolerable, or at least insufferable. It is equally true to say that one is compelled to read about them.

Mr. Frank Yerby is a phenomenon among writers in that we are told that he has written nothing but best-sellers, so that I suppose it is redundant to do more than point out that his new book, THE [illegible] DAUGHTER (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.), has a good infusion of romance and derring-do, and that it is set in France at the time of the French Revolution. It is also, for all its brashness, highly readable.

LEOPARDS AND LILIES (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) is one of Mr. Alfred Duggan's more scholarly intelligently cool tales of the far past, in this case an incident of thirteenth-century English statecraft, the story of Margaret FitzGerald, who was compelled to marry one of King John's exceptionally [illegible] mercenary captains, whose exile was later denied in a special clause of Magna Carta.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS

Each chapter of **BRITAIN'S RAILWAYS TO-DAY** ([illegible] Press. 15s.), *edited by John St. John, is written by a specialist in some way is daily concerned with the activities of British Railways. There are many pictures and drawings, and the book is divided into sections—Motive Power: The Permanent Way: Traffic [illegible] Transport of Passengers and Goods, and Engine Building and [illegible].*

RETURN FROM HELL (William Kimber. 15s.) *has been written by Jules Roy (captain of a bomber's crew in the Free French Air Force) from notes made in the cockpit of a bomber during [illegible] over Germany. The translation is by Mervyn Savill.*

The new edition of **A HISTORY OF BIRDS** (Hutchinson's University Library; Biological Sciences 8s. 6d.), *by James Fisher, is the first part of an essay in two volumes on the bird's place in the animal kingdom. The book is designed for university students.*

The profusely illustrated volume by James Turner entitled **RIVERS OF EAST ANGLIA** (Cassell. 21s.), *covers some twenty-three rivers of Suffolk and Norfolk, frequented every summer by hundreds of holidaymakers. The author delves into the histories attached to the rivers and has a fascinating tale to relate.*

FUGITIVES, ESCAPISTS AND CASTAWAYS

New Books from the Wilderness and the Ocean

From the backwoods of the Adirondacks, the quiet places where the city-bred can discover a new way of life, to the wilds of Northern Canada, where the trapper-hunter-prospector can obtain his fill of adventure, to the wastes of the Indian Ocean, where a castaway can reach the limits of endurance and still live, a number of new books take us this week. Some of them reflect the peace of Nature, and some Nature's savagery. By far the most remarkable is Ensio Tiira's RAFT OF DESPAIR (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.). This is a book that you can read and perhaps cast aside, but you cannot easily set it aside from your mind. It is the story of Ensio Tiira, the Finn, and his Swedish friend Ericsson, two new recruits to the Foreign Legion, who made their escape as the transport *Skaubryn*, outward bound from Algeria to Indo-China with soldiers for the Far Eastern war, entered the Straits of Malacca. In the middle of the night they slipped overboard in a raft, meaning to make for the island of Sumatra. An hour or so of paddling across a calm sea, they thought, would bring them to some palm-girt shore. But it was not to be. Thirty-two days later, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, 700 miles from his starting-place, the lone and delirious figure of Tiira on his battered raft was sighted by a British freighter. What took place in the meanwhile Tiira tells in this extraordinary book, so strictly factual in its detail. How they fought thirst, hunger, pitiless suns, which at least warmed them, pitiless rains, which at least quenched their thirst, festering sores, and the attacks of sharks, combine to provide the theme of this book written by a man who was determined to stay alive. It was on the eighteenth day of this ordeal that Ericsson died. After that Tiira was very lonely; but not entirely alone, for the "pilot fish" and the sharks still kept watch beside the raft. Long after the death of Ericsson, Tiira often had the feeling that there was a second person aboard the raft.

"We added little to the world's biggest curse—its stock of scientific knowledge—we never saw ourselves in a heroic light, and we found Canada's Far North a friendly country and a happy, well-stocked hunting ground," says R. M. Patterson in his introduction to his book, THE DANGEROUS RIVER (George Allen and Unwin. 15s.). In it he describes an expedition to the Nahanni country, not primarily to trap, but to prospect for gold. From a financial viewpoint the expedition was a failure, but Mr. Patterson, who made this trip twenty-five years ago with his partner, Gordon Matthews, derived immense pleasure from this beautiful, unpeopled and almost unknown land. The pleasure has clearly grown with the years, for the author makes light of the hazards and brings out to the full all the wonders of the northland.

In much the same vein is Richard Morenus's CRAZY WHITE MAN (Hammond Hammond. 12s. 6d.), the story of a successful writer of network programmes who turned his back on civilisation as represented by Broadway and plunged into the Canadian wilderness, to live for six years on an island in a remote lake. Mr. Morenus was very much a tenderfoot when he started out, and he had to learn the hard way. This is a book for all who have felt the stern tempo of metropolitan living and have occasionally had an urge to exchange it for the sterner realities of nature.

If Mr. Morenus found solace in the Canadian hinterland, Martha Reben, also a fugitive from American civilisation and also under doctor's orders, went much less far afield. Given the choice between a third operation, which doctors described as her last hope, and a gamble on regaining health in the open country, Martha chose to go off into the Adirondack woodlands and to camp on the shores of Saranac Lake. Martha had a wonderful time and made a wonderful recovery. She calls her book THE HEALING WOODS (Hammond Hammond. 12s. 6d.). She found more than healing there. After three years of being bedridden she learned to laugh with her fellow-men and to be at one with nature.

Leon Maks has had the experience of travelling widely in modern Russia and Siberia. He made his journeys in the days before Russia was forced into the Second World War, and in RUSSIA BY THE BACK DOOR (Sheed and Ward. 15s.) he recounts his varied experiences. At one stage he had the distinction of working for NARKOMGORPROMLWOWOBLUGLEPOISK, which, roughly translated, means The People's Commissariat for Mining, Lvov District, Coal Research Branch. He found that the Commissariat gave him only limited opportunities for travel in Russia, which he had hoped for, but every chance "of getting tight on all possible occasions." Leon Maks has clearly seen Russia in its everyday garb, and his book is a most valuable and at times entertaining document.

Vincent Orchard, who knows the Turf so well, has made a complete record of THE DERBY STAKES from 1900 to 1953 (Hutchinson. 21s.), from the year of the Prince of Wales's grand, but ill-tempered colt Diamond Jubilee, to the 174th renewal of the Derby Stakes when Sir Gordon Richards, winning his first Derby, romped home on the long-striding Pinza in front of the Queen's game colt, Aureole. Mr. Orchard has put down all the facts and figures of each race, and a great deal more besides, not least a fine series of photographs.

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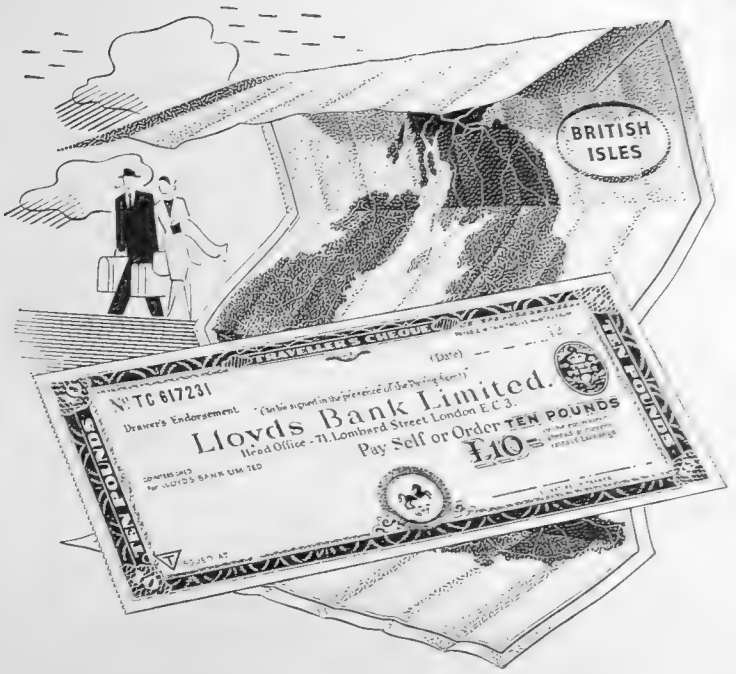

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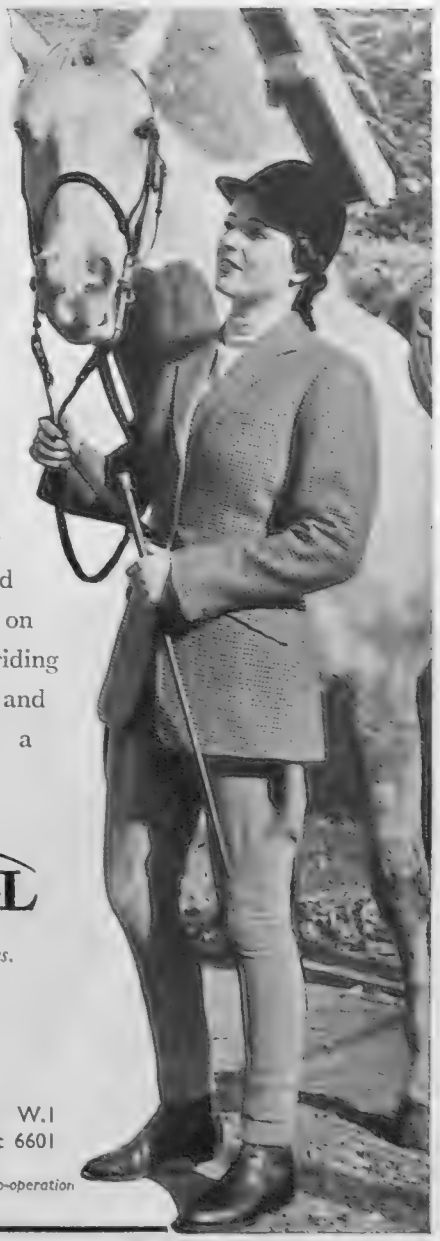

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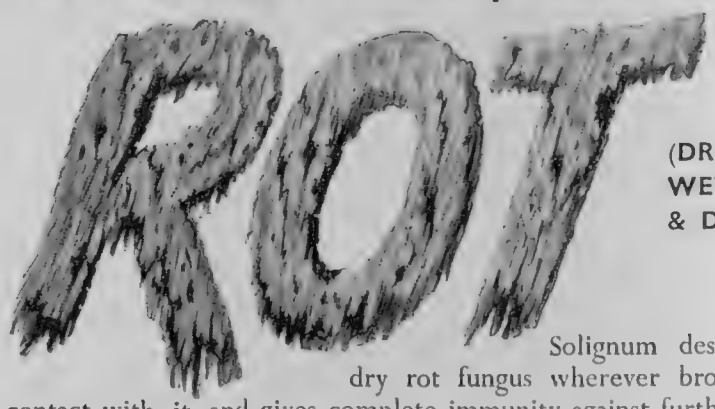

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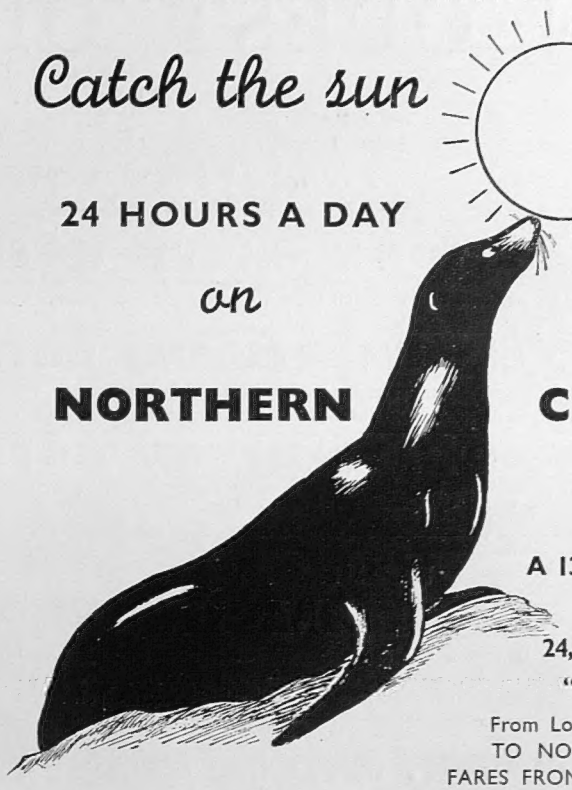

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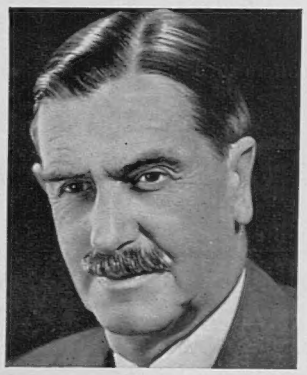

The Rt. Hon. Sir Godfrey M. Huggins, Prime Minister of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, writes: "The desire for a solution to the grave problem of Cancer is international. For this reason, I am sure every right-minded person in the British Empire would wish to support your great research programme. I earnestly hope that this appeal will be over-subscribed and that your endeavours will be ultimately successful for the benefit of mankind the world over."

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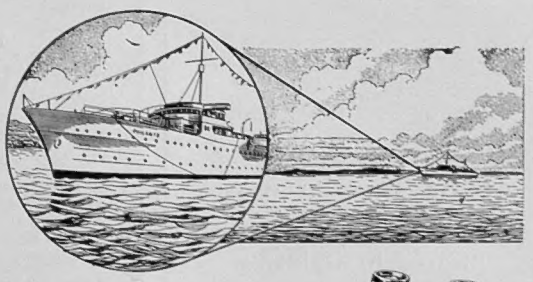

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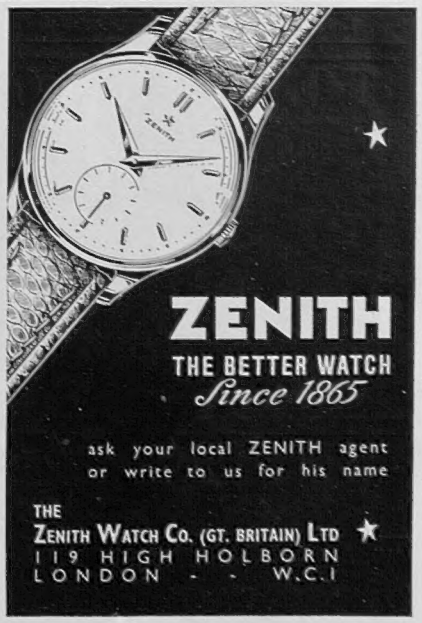

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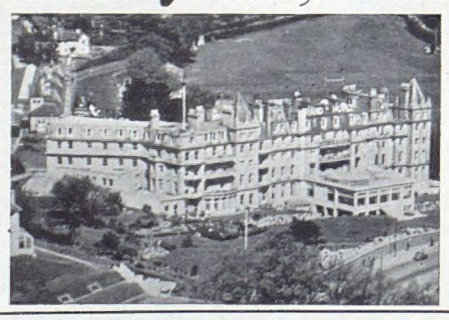

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INDIVIDUAL motorists must have suffered at one time or another from those juggernauts of the road, the motor coach. Excellent and courteous as their drivers are, it may sometimes mean many miles of "exhaust-ion" in a dual sense, before one can pass them.

It is wise to take evasive action, and from constant road travel, I have learnt the pleasantness of the by-roads, to motor early and late, and to make as my night's objective—where possible—an hotel which, in the new edition of the *A.A. Members Annual Handbook*, is labelled "N.C.P." . . . that is, coach parties not catered for.

There are exceptions, however, which warrant my breaking this rule, namely, hotels which—on account of size and tact of management—can absorb the odd coach party without the private motorist being aware of their existence. Examples are The Grand at Torquay; The Old Swan, Harrogate; The Keswick Hotel, Keswick, and Bourne Hall, Bournemouth.

For complete seclusion it is necessary to seek a holiday spot which has little attraction and facilities for the coach party, and in reviewing the problem the following may prove helpful suggestions, even though the resort itself may attract them.

I am fairly safe in saying that St. Ives is one of the most popular places for sightseers in Cornwall, yet on the edge of the town is The Garrack Hotel, where visitors are completely free from fear of "fume-igation."

Although the centre of St. Ives is but ten minutes' walk, one has the feeling of being right in the country. Standing in grounds of 2 acres, beyond are green fields, low stone walls, and then the sands and the open sea. A splendid spot for segregation, sociability or both, as the mood dictates.

I have recently revisited the Selsey Peninsular of Sussex, where there is little to attract the day tripper. The main road ends abruptly on a new sea wall designed to keep the sea to its proper place—high-water mark.

I found two small places of delight, though they are likely to be full in the height of the holiday season—the Double Barn, a small hotel of guest house proportions, where Major and Mrs. S. F. Evans lay themselves out to provide a perfect carefree holiday, and The Thatched House, under the personal direction of Captain and Mrs. R. Foden-Petchler—both delectable spots, with direct access to firm sands and safe sea bathing.

One of the most surprising spots away from the madding crowd is The Chalet Hotel, Winterton-on-Sea, near Great Yarmouth. At the latter one can partake in, according to one's taste, all the fun-of-the-fair, while at the self-supporting Chalet Hotel it is possible for families, especially the young ones, to enjoy with complete freedom the sand-dunes and the many other amenities which Mr. Kenneth H. Temple—resident proprietor and practical idealist—lays on for holiday comfort.

Scotland is a favourite among those who, without a car, are glad to avail themselves of this new freedom of the road, and it is by no means easy for the private motorist to avoid them for, unlike England, it is very often a case of the main road or nothing. Yet there are plenty of instances where the individual motorist can be immune from them. I should be surprised, indeed, to see a coach-load of tourists at that "temple of gastronomy," The Fortingall Hotel, near Aberfeldy, unless it was a Wine and Food Society gathering, for Mr. W. Heptinstall cooks for the individual who is not in a hurry. Here, one lives to eat, yet in view of its near location to Loch Tay, there is scenic food in abundance for the eye.

Nor would I expect to witness any form of organised tour at that lovely Newton Hotel at Nairn, which is so ably run by the Misses Ellis. Set in 25 acres of private grounds, every path leads to individual comfort within. Tastefully and comfortably furnished, one can enjoy country-house comforts with all the attention of being an individual and not a party.

Undoubtedly, however, *the* country in which to motor to-day, where the individual motorist has the road largely to himself, is Ireland, and in using the word "Ireland," I mean the country as a whole. I write in the process of journeying there again. A self-drive car will be awaiting me at Dun Laoghaire pierhead, and after breakfasting at that centre of Ireland's social life, The Shelbourne Hotel, I shall set forth conscious of the fact that the farther west I go the fewer cars I shall see. Of course, I shall meet the stray donkey, the Irish dog asleep in the middle of the road, and the inevitable peat cart whose driver, if not asleep, will pull over to the right or the wrong side most willingly.

My route will take me to Dunmore East beyond Waterford, where I look forward to sampling the Irish country-house charm of The Haven Hotel. Then on to the little known holiday resort of Ardmore, where, at Cliff House Hotel, given a fine day, I shall get the first panoramic view of Ireland's south coast line. Beyond Cork I shall, in all probability, choose Crosshaven, with its fine yachting waterways, then I shall hope to visit the historic town of Kinsale, and lunch at the long-established Acton's Hotel.

Beyond Bantry, I shall come to Ardnagashel House, where Ronald Kaulback will do his best to get me out goggle-fishing, but I shall have to press on for Waterville—the Butler Arms and Southern Lake Hotels lie in my path before I reach my night's objective at Killarney.

Proceeding northwards, I shall hope to reach somewhere near the Shannon by nightfall, leaving a leisurely day on the morrow to potter in Galway, and spend the night at Oughterard House Hotel on the edge of Connemara. And so to Ashford Castle Hotel, Cong, Eire's most unique hotel, and presently via friends back to The Gresham Hotel, Dublin, a fitting finish, I hope, to a fine eight days.

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